PICASSO WALLACE FOWLIE

THE NATION

MAY 29, 1967 *35 cents*

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LETTERS

alienation's symbol

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: Employing vague rumors and a relatively short interview, Robert Sherrill comes to the conclusion that Wallace is not a potent national figure and could not conceivably do well in the 1968 elections ["George Wallace: 'Running for God,'" *The Nation*, May 8].

Wallace is a representative symbol for alienated groups in our society. The frustrated remnants of the self-proclaimed superior classes in the South cling desperately to this last hope for their redemption. Unskilled white workers, fearing the Negroes and other minorities with whom they now must compete on identical levels, manifest their fears in support of someone (anyone!) who feeds their discontent with hope. Large industrialists and frustrated self-proclaimed aristocrats seek a man for the Presidency who would oppose the liberal trends and methods of dealing with a divergent population.

It is with these groups that Wallace aligns himself, and as seemingly unimportant as the gentleman from Alabama is to Mr. Sherrill, he is an ominously imposing figure. . . .

L. P. Matheis

'Poets on Poetry'

Peekskill, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: I will comment on only one aspect of your issue, "Poets on Poetry" [*The Nation*, Apr. 24]. Shouldn't it have been called "White Poets on White Poetry"? Not one black poet is mentioned in any way. I must add that *The Nation* is no exception to the general exclusion of black poets by white critics and anthologists.

Walter Lowenfels

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I liked the poetry issue, especially Louis Simpson's piece which I think I'll have mimeographed and given to my advanced students. And I liked Robert Bly's piece.

Leonard Kriegel

Williamstown, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: You deserve credit for doing an issue on poetry. . . . Paul Zweig's review of Lowell raised important questions about a major talent with a specificity that was at once persuasive and suggestive. . . . Other articles were good. . . like Louis Simpson's lively essay, about which, nevertheless, I have some gripes. First, Simpson's derision of New Criticism is as ill informed as it is gratuitous. The New Critics have attacked W. C. Williams in precisely the terms employed by Simpson. Second, as even Simpson seems to think, the "vatic poets" are mostly bad, and I don't for a moment see why we should look forward to hip Blake or unbuttoned Whitman. Third, though I share Simpson's admiration for Voznesensky, I don't see why he ends a prognosis for American poetry with the work of a mature talent in a wholly different tradition. . . . Your issue contained several good poems, most notably the Vallejo sonnet, which was a real discovery. . . .

Charles Thomas Samuels

New York City

DEAR SIRS: My letter published in the May 8 *Nation* was cut in such a way that it seemed to confirm Louis Simpson's portrayal of me as a writer who has done nothing to protest the war in Vietnam and ridicules the attempts of others to do so, which is why I wrote the letter in the first place. The last paragraph of my original letter was as follows: "It should be evident from the foregoing that I was not 'sneering at the conscience of other poets' but

(Continued on page 692)

EDITORIALS

A Better Job for McNamara

"The Enemy—Exploring the Sources of Foreign Policy" is a thought-provoking article in the spring issue of *Columbia University Forum*. The author, Tom J. Farer, an assistant professor of law at Columbia and formerly special assistant to the general counsel of the Defense Department, inquires why we automatically fight revolutionary movements abroad.

Farer's presentation by-passes the vital need of the U.S. economy which the cold war filled after World War II—and still fills in such outbursts of shooting as in Vietnam. The concomitant arms race, supplemented later by space exploration, secured the economy against depression, and in the guise of resistance to Communist aggression enabled the corporate, political and military leaders to suppress (sufficiently for their purposes) the very freedom which the cold war was supposed to defend. At the same time, the enormous productive capacity of the capitalist economy enabled it to make substantial contributions to the recovery of the nations that chose to side with us, and to keep the population at home content enough so that (except lately for a section of the Negro proletariat) the did not start on a dangerous comparison between what there was, and what might be.

Farer is preoccupied, however, not with the virtues of the cold war from the standpoint of its beneficiaries, large and small, but with its costs and perils. Why, he asks, have these moral disasters and diplomatic adversities failed so far to produce a single significant apostate from the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, despite the presence of some intellectuals not vulnerable to charges of complaisance? Part of the answer, he suggests, may be "the lack in our government of a tradition of resignation on openly stated grounds of principle, a lack which is in large measure a function of the unusual indifference bordering on contempt, of our Establishment to dissent premised on moral scruples."

This indifference, of course, is a necessary component of the cold war. But as long as it is not total, Farer's question is pertinent, the more so when we contrast the void in moral dissent among those who possess power with the intensity of dissent among some of those who lack power—for instance, a large section of the academic community—and further, when we compare this void with the tradition of principled dissent in British politics. There a minister who has had his fill of moral degradation resigns. His letter of resignation is often revealing and politically influential. Having unbosomed himself, he resumes his seat in Parliament, stays in the doghouse for a while, and perhaps lives longer politically than the government whose immorality forced him to quit.

In American politics no one has dissented in this way for many years. Henry Wallace did (and look what

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got him); Adlai Stevenson did not (and look what that got *him*). But that is history, for which our Establishment has, for the most part, the same contempt that it has for principle. Is there any present candidate who might inaugurate such a practice in American politics?

Only one name comes to mind: Robert S. McNamara. What an explosion he could set off! What an explosion he *should* set off! He is intelligent and patriotic. He has tamed the services, so far as anyone can in wartime. Now he differs from the Joint Chiefs of Staff on practically every issue, from the bombing of North Vietnam to the value of an anti-missile missile. His situation is becoming embarrassing, as in his attempt to reconcile his opposition of early April to bombing the MIG bases with his awkward justification, three weeks later, of the selfsame bombings.

By all indications, the Vietnamese War will drag on. Cured of his optimism of a few years ago, McNamara must see the futility of waiting for victory before quitting. If he finally gets out on some hypocritical pretext—health or family poverty—he will be missing the opportunity of a lifetime to serve his country, to which he owes much, rather than a President to whom he owes nothing.

Prologue

U Thant's warning that the initial phase of World War III is being fought in Vietnam has been brushed off by the Johnson Administration. Folly is thus piled on folly. Diplomatically, U Thant has the pulse of the world at his finger tips. He is probably better informed than President Johnson, he is certainly better able to gauge future Chinese reaction, and as a neutral he can afford to be objective.

No great war has burst on the world without warning. World War I was preceded by the Balkan War of 1912 and the clash of the Great Powers in the Algeciras incident. The Spanish Civil War (1936-39) was the prelude to World War II. The premonitory rumblings were unheeded, and they are being neglected once more.

The Vietnamese War drags on interminably, the omens of culminating disaster multiply. Every day's newspaper adds to the list:

¶ We announce that an Air Force F-105 Thunderchief may have inadvertently flown into Red China territory after being damaged in aerial combat.

¶ Soviet ships sideswipe U.S. destroyers in the contested waters of the Sea of Japan. This is a warning in the language of military powers, before worse collisions take place. It follows earlier warnings by the Soviets of a step-up in military activity on their part.

¶ The Soviets introduce portable 140 mm. rocket launchers—light, efficient and cheap. These weapons were first used in the North around February 27; about May 11 they were brought close to Saigon.

¶ British merchant seamen in Hong Kong say that while

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their vessel was in Haiphong they saw a Red Chinese ship fire at U.S. aircraft on April 23.

¶ The military take over the "other war" in Vietnam. Civilian officials are reported to be appalled, but the reason given is that the South Vietnamese government troops could not hold "pacified" areas.

¶ The American correspondent Simon Malley, obtaining a Chinese visa as a UN correspondent for *Jeune Afrique,* reports on an interview with Chou En-lai. China would intervene, Chou says, if the North Vietnamese request "volunteers," or if U.S. land forces invade North Vietnam, or if the Soviets and the Americans cooperate in a "sell-out" of Hanoi. In short, the Chinese will not tolerate an American victory in Southeast Asia. Chou denies there was an interview—which may mean that he now feels the threat should have been harsher.

¶ Senators like John Sherman Cooper and Thruston B. Morton, who are not easily alarmed, urge de-escalation.

¶ As another warning to the West, the Chinese mount violent demonstrations against "British imperialism" in Hong Kong.

An ominous note running through all these events is that the American public, and even members of Congress, do not know what is going on until some overt incident occurs. The destroyer clash in the Sea of Japan is a striking example. How many Americans knew that our naval vessels, in cooperation with those of Japan, were engaged in maneuvers near Vladivostok and North Korea, and that our naval vessels occasionally sail into the Sea of Okhotsk to the north, which except for its mouth, is entirely within the Siberian land mass?

"Overshadowing all," says Senator Cooper, "is the dread possibility that the matching of power by power will lead relentlessly to a third world war. It is to prevent such a confrontation which would foreclose the chance for negotiations . . . that I ask our government, acting in the full confidence that arises from strength, to confine and restrain our bombing—if bomb it must—to infiltration routes near the Demilitarized Zone. . . ." Cooper concurs, in effect, with U Thant's warning. The next favorable occasion for some show of flexibility on the U.S. side is the Buddha's birthday celebration on May 23. As the *Charleston* (W. Va.) *Gazette* says, the world situation is screaming for a courageous peace act. There may not be another chance.

The Civilian Count

The status of the Congress is certainly in some eclipse in this era of the Great Texan, but even so a Senator is not someone to be brushed lightly aside. When one of them makes it plain that he intends to be possessed of a particular bit of information, he can usually find out what he wants to know.

It may, however, take some persistence and a good deal of staff terrier work, and Sen. Edward Kennedy is accordingly to be commended for having placed before the public some credibly derived figures on the war casualties occurring among civilian South Vietnamese. Senator Kennedy's total is 100,000 a year, and rising. He derives it by estimating that the 50,000 civilians which the United States Mission in Saigon expects to treat for war-related injuries in government hospitals this year cannot possibly be more than 50 per cent of the number wounded. According to the Senator's investigation, it takes on the average thirty-six hours for civilians to reach a medical center; obviously, many never attempt the journey and many die on the way. Many are dead on the spot.

The Administration does not care for the Kennedy figures and offers others of its own, hoping to involve everyone in a numbers game which will divert attention from the central fact that we are wounding and killing a great many civilians in Vietnam, and that each month we wound and kill more than suffered at our hands the month before. Plans are under way to build three hospitals in the war-torn country exclusively for civilian casualties. Plane and helicopter lifts are being advocated to bring the victims to these centers, and sundry blandishments are being employed to gather more doctors into the civilian program from the United States and from the non-Communist world at large.

These efforts are exemplary in themselves, and help to improve our image: kill we must in the interest of a better world for the Vietnamese, but we kill with reluctance, with compunction. Those we only partially kill we will patch together again—insofar as we can induce doctors to practice their craft under conditions of such inadequate supplies and facilities as to caricature the concept of healing.

Officialdom notes that there are always civilian casualties in wartime and agrees that a guerrilla war (which our enemy, lacking aircraft and heavy armament, insists upon fighting) produces peculiarly high death and injury ratios among the women, children and indigenous elderly. All we are trying to do is to kill Vietnamese who disagree with us, but accidents will happen. Much credit is due Senator Kennedy for giving us some notion of how the accidents are adding up on the tape of history.

The Doctors' Dilemma

A real crisis calls forth deep loyalties which are scarcely perceived, or are taken for granted, in less troubled times. The trial of Dr. Howard Brett Levy is a case in point. Dr. Levy, one may surmise, would rather be known as a physician than as a captain in the Army, but he is a captain, and as a captain he is being tried at Fort Jackson, S.C., for willful refusal to obey an order. The order sounds harmless enough: to teach dermatology—Levy's specialty—to Green Beret medical aidmen who were about to be shipped to Vietnam. Levy would surely not be averse to such teaching if it were entirely a matter

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healing, but he takes his Hippocratic obligations seriously. The aidmen are also trained to fight, therefore he will not teach them medicine. As a physician, he feels that he owes an overriding loyalty to his profession, and that this takes precedence over his loyalty to his country in a conflict like that now raging in Vietnam.

At Levy's court-martial another captain, Ivan Mauer, was called as a government witness. He could not have given much comfort to the prosecution. Mauer had replaced Levy as chief of the dermatology clinic at the Fort Jackson hospital, and he said that he likewise would refuse to obey the order that had got Levy into trouble. The training of the Green Beret aidmen in dermatology is now in the hands of a civilian doctor who, presumably, is not plagued by the conflicts of the two captains.

In the San Francisco Bay Area, 121 medical students from Stanford and the University of California Medical Center have signed petitions declaring that they will refuse to serve with the armed forces in Vietnam, if and when they are drafted. This might be dismissed as a premature warning and an exhibition of youthful idealism that will be dissipated by mature wisdom, but the position of these young men is supported in varying degree by some 100 faculty members at the two institutions. This movement appears to be gaining momentum elsewhere in the country: an additional 133 signatures have been collected at twenty-three other medical schools, Harvard, Yale and Albert Einstein among them.

"Of course," says Arthur B. Zelman, one of the West Coast objectors, "I'd never refuse to care for a wounded soldier. What I object to is treating patients selectively in the military context. We all really want to save lives and the only way to do it is to refuse to go to Vietnam. In that way, perhaps the Administration will have some second thoughts about the war."

This Administration has ever had but one thought; nevertheless, a large-scale assertion of the right of doctors to refuse military service might cause it to ponder a little before the next escalation.

NASA and the Media

Until January 27, 1967, the National Aeronautics and Space Agency was the showpiece of the Johnson Administration, as it had been of the Kennedy administration. The public impression, fostered less by the agency itself than by the press, was that NASA, unlike any other engineering organization from the time of the Caesars to date, could do no wrong. With its contractors, it had performed miracles, bringing the United States in a few years from a position of inferiority in space to invincible leadership. It was widely believed—and for this notion NASA was as responsible as its admirers — that the American team would sweep on to a triumphant landing on the moon in 1969, perhaps even in 1968. And the astronauts would come back alive to enjoy the plaudits of friendly and neutral nations, and the discomfiture of our enemies.

Technological hubris is no more immune than any other kind from the tragic disclosure of fallibility. When the three astronauts perished on the pad in a fire that no one had foreseen, under operating conditions that gave them not the slightest chance of escape, the illusion built up over the years vanished in a few seconds. The fact that some remarkable engineering had gone into the Mercury and Gemini flights was forgotten. Also forgotten was the responsibility of those on the outside who had fed the myth when they should have been skeptical.

The way in which the heroic image was created and maintained tells a great deal about what is called, with appropriate genuflection, the American Way. In part it was the product of the idiot variety of patriotism, but in larger part it was a matter of money. NASA received its $5 billion every year with a minimum of Congressional inquiry, and became in effect an ever-flowing pork barrel for the aerospace industry. Who wanted to get tough with NASA when it was providing all those jobs and all that prosperity for the great corporations that it was supposed to keep at arm's length? According to *Business Week* (April 15), the United States can still probably get its first team of astronauts to the moon for $22.8 billion. A sum like that creates an enormous reservoir of good will. To a large extent the aerospace industry press, which was in the best position to know what was going on and to find fault when indicated, chose instead to cheer.

With such an example, it is not hard to understand the attitude of the broadcasters, who simply made an entertainment piece out of the moon project, on a par with soap operas and Westerns, but with more of a kick and at less expense. The astronauts were used to sell beer, razor blades and detergents, and *Life* bought their memoirs. When the three perished on the pad, the magazine paused only a few weeks before canceling the contract. The boys weren't entertaining any more.

With some outstanding exceptions, the newspapers also fell short. Had it not been for a few tough-minded journalists like William Hines of the Washington *Star* (who did a piece for *The Nation*: "NASA: The Image Misfires," April 24), we might know even less of the NASA story. It is even possible that without such gadflies the report of the board of inquiry would not have been as severe and thorough as it was.

In his first appearances after the investigation began, NASA Administrator James E. Webb gave an impression of candor, but later he took refuge in such early-NASA devices as parading astronauts before the camera, and he aroused outright distrust by his defense of the choice of North American Aviation as the prime Apollo contractor. At first he testified that North American was the first choice of the NASA source-evaluation board. Three weeks later he acknowledged that the Martin Company had been preferred by the technical people. There

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is nothing to indicate that Martin would have done better than North American, but Webb's conflicting stories do not inspire confidence. Nor do his antecedents—his earlier connections with the late Sen. Robert S. Kerr, for example —make him an ideal leader for the balance of the Apollo program.

Worse than anything Webb has done in the past is his commitment to land on the moon before 1970. He seems oblivious to the pleas of responsible scientists and journalists to abandon a fixed deadline and allow future experience to set the pace. Rep. William F. Ryan's suggestion that a high-level Presidential commission be established to review NASA's work, and the schedule to be followed, seems very much in order.

An Insufficiency of Frankness

The latest disclosures about how the CIA bankrolled the Congress for Cultural Freedom—which in turn bankrolled *Encounter*, the Anglo-American monthly—have precipitated a heavy and extensive fallout. Stephen Spender has resigned as a contributing editor of *Encounter*, on the ground that he had been kept in total darkness about the covert CIA connection. Frank Kermode, the co-editor, has also resigned. "I was always assured," he writes, "that there was no truth in the allegations about the CIA funds. On several occasions I gave false assurances about the facts on which I had been led astray." Irving Kristol, a former co-editor, deposes that he, too, was innocent of any knowledge about CIA largess during his stay with the magazine.

Melvin Lasky, the present editor, is, of course, in a somewhat different position. He was one of the three founders of the Congress for Cultural Freedom (Arthur Koestler and Michael Josselson were the others), with funds provided by David Dubinsky's International Ladies' Garment Workers Union (at least that was the *immediate* source of the initial funds). Mr. Lasky, faced with the flak the disclosures have given off, now concedes that he may have been "insufficiently frank" in briefing his colleagues about the relationship with the CIA.

Indeed, a lack of frankness colors every aspect of what *The Observer* has called "The Encounter Affair." Michael Josselson, who apparently will stay on as executive director of the Congress, admits that he was placed in a position of having to deceive "the people I most respected, admired and liked, and who gave me their trust wholeheartedly." Last year, when *The Nation* (May 16, 1966) commented on the fact—well known even then, although apparently not to the editors of *Encounter*—that the magazine for some years had been indirectly financed by the CIA, we were promptly taken to task by Stephen Spender, Melvin Lasky and Irving Kristol in a letter published in our issue of June 13, 1966, which strongly implied (though on close reading it did not actually charge) that our editorial was defamatory. The tone of the letter was belligerent and threatening.

At the same time, we also received, and published, a similar protestation of innocence and virtue from the Congress for Cultural Freedom, signed by Denis de Rougemont, as chairman of the Executive Committee, and formally attested—no doubt for added emphasis—by Nicholas Nabokov. But to date we have received no letters apologizing for the attempt to mislead us. This pervading insufficiency of frankness tends, as the Congress itself now concedes, "to poison the wells of intellectual discourse." Examining the acrimony which the Braden disclosures in *The Saturday Evening Post* precipitated, we strongly sympathize with Mr. Spender who points out that the revelations of past CIA support have created "a tangle in which one doesn't know what the past is." Perhaps it never happened. Perhaps Tom Braden, who set up the "front" program for the CIA, is mistaken in saying that he named one agent for the Congress and another to edit *Encounter*. Perhaps it was all a multimillion-dollar misunderstanding.

THE TIME-LIFE CAPER

BRAZIL'S YANKEE NETWORK

ERNEST BLUM

Mr. Blum is a New York financial writer now living and working in Latin America.

For almost two years, Time-Life, Inc., has been the chief target in Brazil of an increasingly vehement protest against the presence of U.S. money and influence in key sectors of the Brazilian press. The legal basis for the indignation rests on Brazil's constitution, which—in both the 1946 and 1967 versions—strictly forbids foreign ownership, even partial ownership, of the nation's communications media. Despite this clear prohibition, Time-Life has since 1962 pumped more than $6 million into Rio de Janeiro's leading television station, TV Globo, which is associated with Rio's leading newspaper, *O Globo*. Upon receiving this flood of Time-Life dollars, TV Globo suddenly embarked on an expansionary course, buying up TV and radio stations in the key industrial city of Sao Paulo and in the politically brittle Northeast.

With an eye to further growth, TV Globo has pending applications to set up a thirty-six-station TV and radio chain extending to all the major cities of Brazil and covering 95 per cent of the population. The expansionary program was termed by the head of a Presidentia

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investigating commission "an imminent danger of the propagation throughout the entire country . . . of the domain of Time-Life."

The facts in this affair were uncovered by two investigating panels—one congressional, the other Presidential—formed after an insistent chorus of accusations had begun to arouse and shock public opinion. The investigating commissions, in the middle of last year, disclosed contracts by Time-Life of transparent hanky-panky (such terms have been plastered all over the Brazilian press) that provided an epidemic of embarrassed head shaking even among the American business colony here.

Forbidden to acquire ownership of Brazilian news media, Time-Life went into the "real estate" business and acquired on January 15, 1965, ownership of the premises of TV Globo. It became thus not an owner of TV Globo but the station's "landlord," renting the premises to the new "tenant." However, the distinction between Time-Life as landlord and Time-Life as owner becomes altogether academic in view of another provision of the contracts, which gives Time-Life no less than 45 per cent of the net profits of the station (this is called "rental"). Since another contract gives Time-Life 3 per cent of TV Globo's gross receipts, the "landlord" could conceivably make more from the station than the "tenant." (TV Globo is also obliged to pay 55 per cent of the upkeep.)

But these arrangements by no means exhaust the revelations that the Brazilian public has been treated to in the past months. Besides outlawing foreign ownership of the press, the constitution provides that management of news media "shall fall exclusively to Brazilians." But still another contract between Time-Life and TV Globo calls for placing a Time-Life executive in TV Globo, "with qualifications equivalent to those of a manager of a TV station." This contract—dating back to July 24, 1962, and called, somewhat euphemistically, an agreement of "technical assistance"—also provides for sending another Time-Life executive into the station to be "responsible for accounting and financing." (After the arrival of the Time-Life executives, TV Globo's Brazilian station manager resigned.)

The congressional committee investigating the deal unanimously condemned it as illegal, labeling Time-Life "the silent partner." The panel said: "The contracts violate the constitutional precepts because they mask the corporate link between Time-Life and TV Globo in a formal sense, but present the hidden components of an unmistakable corporate link."

The Brazilian federal agency responsible for licensing radio and TV stations, CONTEL, ruled that the contracts violate "the letter and spirit" of the constitution and gave TV Globo ninety days to "clean up" the situation. Contrary to CONTEL's regulations, TV Globo never submitted the agreements for CONTEL's approval. When CONTEL demanded to see them, after the publicity furor, the station's owner, Roberto Marinho, submitted copies that were so illegible from erasures that CONTEL promptly returned them. The agency was not to get clear copies until months later.

The 1965 "rental" agreement actually superseded an earlier agreement signed at the time of the 1962 "technical assistance" agreement (TV Globo was then in the planning stage). That agreement, called a "joint participation," expressly labeled Time-Life's then 30 per cent interest in the station a "foreign investment." Apparently the 1965 "landlord" contract was designed to circumvent possible allegations of a Time-Life proprietorship.

Marinho, the owner of the nationally distributed *O Globo* and an operator whose other "deals" have won him notoriety, received $1.5 million from Time-Life in 1962 under the "joint-participation," according to testimony before the investigating panels.

The head of the Bank of Brazil has disclosed that,

starting in 1965 and up until May, 1966, a new influx of money exceeded $4.5 million. Of these funds, $980,000 is designated as Time-Life's payment for purchase of TV Globo's building; the remainder is promissory notes negotiated by Marinho (no date being set for repayment) and which he has called "loans."

When the money began to arrive in 1965, TV Globo acquired a chain of two TV and five radio stations located in the key states of Sao Paulo (one of the TV stations is the city of Sao Paulo's important TV Paulista) and Pernambuco, in the Northeast. Marinho admitted before the Presidential investigating panel: "I applied part of the sums sent by Time-Life on TV Paulista. . . ." As recently as last November Marinho acquired the second of Rio's four 50 kilowatt radio stations, thus adding Radio Mundial to Radio Globo.

Brazilians—and many Americans—are asking themselves what exactly Time-Life has in mind. Does it intend, in some delusion of grandeur, to "help" the State Department and the United States Information Agency in getting Uncle Sam's message across? In fact, that may be just what Time-Life has in mind.

Julio de Mesquita Filho, the publisher of *O Estado de Sao Paulo*, a conservative paper of a prestige comparable to that of *The New York Times* in the United States, has revealed that shortly before Time-Life con-

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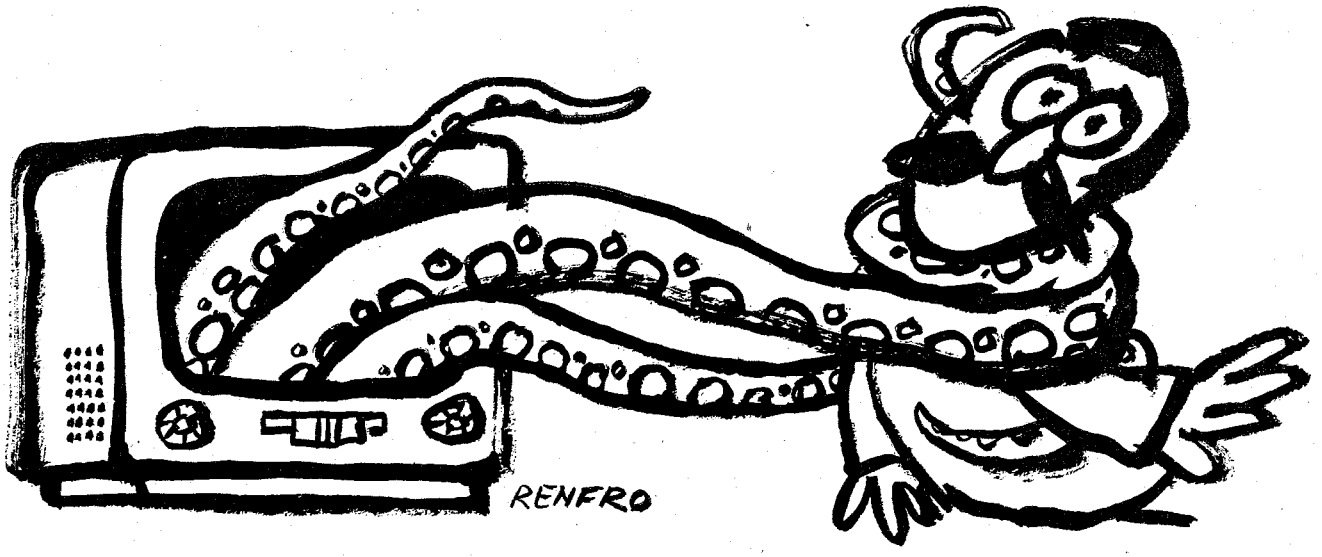

summated the TV Globo deal in 1962, representatives of the American organization approached him with a similar offer. The reason for the proposed undertaking, it was explained, was the need to set up propaganda bulwarks against the immediate threat of Castroism in Latin America. The Brazilian publisher rejected the offer and explained to the Time-Life emissaries that Brazil did not require U.S. occupation of its communications media in order to combat communism.

However, Time-Life's infiltration of *O Globo* is not the only example of American influence in the Brazilian press; the initial scandal has now proliferated to the point of raising the issue of Brazil's right to—and imperative need for—a press independent of powerful foreign concerns having a vested interest in public opinion.

As in other developing countries, vast sectors of Brazil's economy are almost totally dominated by foreign corporations. While in many respects the presence of foreign firms is an asset to the economy, the interests of the foreign corporations and the national interests of Brazil do not always coincide. Furthermore, Brazil is unquestionably the key country of Latin America, and is emerging with international interests divergent from those of the United States.

In these circumstances, Brazilians are zealous to guard their communications channels from foreign control. As the congressional panel investigating the Time-Life affair put it: "National public opinion is not a manufactured product imported from abroad; we want to forge our own public opinion with our own forces." Yet in spite of these obvious considerations, one learns in Brazil how formidable are the attacks upon a nationally independent press.

Among the most notable of them has been the case of the "grupo Visao." This organization, founded by and corporately linked to Vision, Inc., with headquarters in New York, for fourteen years published the major weekly news magazine in Brazil—*Visao* (patterned after *Time*). This magazine, the only one of its kind in the country, was reporting on Brazilian affairs, editorializing on politics and economics, subtly taking sides on the whole spectrum of issues in Brazilian life, while linked to a New York corporation.

In 1965, "grupo Visao" launched a series of high-powered trade magazines—*Dirigente Industrial* (Industrial Manager), *Dirigente Rural* (Agricultural Manager), *Dirigente Constructor* (Construction Manager)—aimed at the full range of Brazil's top managerial class. They are subsidized by foreign corporations—with up to 60 per cent of the advertisements—and are distributed free to a controlled circulation list, an innovation which has competing trade magazines crying "foul play."

Late last year, apparently as a result of the Time-Life revelations, the corporate links between Vision, Inc., of New York, and *Visao* were ostensibly severed; the magazine moved its offices and started publishing separately from the *Dirigente* group. The latter, however, are still believed to be linked to New York.

Also in the magazine field, Editora Abril, one of Brazil's two top magazine chains, has been repeatedly accused of links with Time-Life. This mammoth publisher with nineteen different magazines, is headed by a former Time-Life employee, Victor Civita—an Italian-born ex-U.S. citizen, now a naturalized Brazilian. What appears suspect about Senhor Civita is not only his former Time-Life connections but the fact that in 1951, when he emigrated to Brazil, his brother, Cezar, emigrated to Argentina—to found a similar Editora Abril in Buenos Aires. There the firm's flag magazine, *Panorama,* carries the name Time-Life on its masthead.

In radio, informed Brazilians looked on with dismay last year as the important twenty-nine-station radio chain, "Rede Piratininga," based in Sao Paulo, was taken over by the Brazilian associate of the World Wide Missionary Educational Foundation of West Monroe, La. Purchase price: $1.5 million.

Stricter enforcement of the law would eliminate some of the more flagrant press abuses, but a more basic and knottier problem would remain—that posed by the foreign advertiser.

The dominance of foreign advertising in the Brazilian press can be appreciated merely by leafing through any major magazine: the big international corporations have all the 1-page and multi-page ads. Moreover, this advertising is placed by American advertising agencies: the

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two biggest agencies in Brazil are J. Walter Thompson and McCann-Erickson. Four American agencies in Brazil (there are eight) handle an estimated 37 per cent of all agency billings in the country. It would be naive to suppose that this formidable foreign advertising apparatus does not exercise an implicit, and sometimes explicit, editorial influence.

The Spanish-language edition of one major Brazilian magazine, *O Cruzeiro*, was prospering with a circulation of 420,000 when *Life* decided to put its own Spanish-language edition into the field. Upon the appearance of the Spanish *Life*, the American corporations doing business in Latin America—the advertising backstay of *O Cruzeiro*—dropped the Brazilian publication and swung behind *Life*.

O Cruzeiro is published by Diarios Associados, whose twenty-three newspapers, seventeen radio stations, and thirteen TV stations make it the biggest press chain in Latin America. The founder is the venerable journalist and magnate, Assis Chateaubriand, and managing director is Joao Calmon, a congressman who is an important force in the government's ARENA coalition (he also heads Brazil's national trade association of radio and TV stations, ABERT).

When these two gentlemen—having a score to settle with Time-Life—heard the 1965 deal with TV Globo denounced by then-Governor Carlos Lacerda, they hit the war path. (Carlos Lacerda had gotten wind of the deal inadvertently: the presence in TV Globo of a mysterious Cuban "agent" was denounced to his security police. When arrested, the "agent" turned out to be Alberto Hernandez Cata, a Cuban refugee and $20,000-a-year Time-Life executive who, under questioning, spilled the beans about the deal.)

Chateaubriand, in the middle of 1965, led off with what was to become an unrelenting campaign against Time-Life, TV Globo, *O Globo*, and their owner, Marinho. Then early in 1966, Joao Calmon, in his capacity as head of ABERT, spoke repeatedly over his radio and television chain, each time sensationally revealing some newly discovered facet of the deal. Calmon branded the inflow of Time-Life funds a "little sea" of dollars, an effective pun on Marinho's name, which means "little sea." Backing the Calmon initiatives, the major newspapers, radio and TV stations of Sao Paulo—led by *O Estado de Sao Paulo*—issued a joint "Manifesto to the Nation," calling on the congress, the President and federal officials to act.

The only note of support for TV Globo came from two members of the three-man Presidential investigating panel, who glossed over the deal, although recommending that in the future "standards be adopted to avoid such close ties between national and foreign entities." But the two members took at face value Time-Life's pose as a Brazilian "real estate" operator, deciding that the agreement "adopted a modality which has been frequent in commercial renting." The third member, and chairman of this panel, however, has submitted the most vehement denunciation of the deal to come from any official source, calling Time-Life "incontestably the principal figure in the business."

The Brazilian congress, following up a unanimous denunciation of the deal by its own investigating committee, inserted into the new press law in February the same strictures on foreign ownership or control contained in the constitution. In pointed reference to the Time-Life affair, the congress outlawed "any type of contract of 'technical assistance' with foreign entities allowing these entities, under any pretext whatsoever, to have a direct or indirect participation in management of journalistic enterprises."

When the President failed to veto these provisions, the game *seemed* over for Time-Life. This feeling was reinforced on February 16, after President Castello Branco denied TV Globo's appeal against CONTEL's eleven-point condemnation of the contracts. But for the previous twenty months, the President had shown a singular lack of urgency in the matter—a detachment explained no doubt by the fact that *O Globo* is the most ardent press champion of "the Revolution," and such support is hard to come by these days.

As they say in Brazil, "You think three times before defying *O Globo*," and the President's time to think thrice came on March 3, when he handed *O Globo*'s appeal to his attorney general. The attorney general, in a burst of legal activity, digested the thousands of pages of testimony in the case within five days—a "time record," commented *O Estado de Sao Paulo*—and on March 8 handed his opinion to the President: the deal was legal. Thereupon, on March 1, only twenty-four hours before leaving office, President Castello Branco ordered CONTEL to re-examine the matter.

The President left another bequest before departing. To the press law's (and the constitution's) strictures against foreign ownership of the press, the President decreed the following amendment: "Excluded from the provisions are scientific, technical, cultural and artistic publications." Since anything, even comic books, could come under one of the four rubrics, the provisions banning foreigners in the press would pack as much punch as a wet tea biscuit. *O Estado de Sao Paulo* commented that the amendment seemed specifically aimed as a sop to Editora Abril, its nineteen publications being "scientific, technical, cultural and artistic." The provision would also allow Vision, Inc., of New York, to continue with its *Dirigente* magazines.

With this challenge from the outgoing President, the controversy has flared again to the boiling point. The Diarios Associados has stepped up its campaign (*O Cruzeiro* recently carried an article on Roberto Marinho by Carlos Lacerda, somewhat indelicately entitled, "The Al Capone of the Press"), while in March the formidable *O Estado* published a series of four major editorials blasting the Castello Branco actions and outlining the areas of foreign infiltration in the press. The whole business is now in the lap of President Costa e Silva.

Whatever the new President's action, Time-Life might like to pull out anyway—what with all the unpleasantness—but there's that money held by Roberto Marinho. Should Costa e Silva say "no" to the deal, Senhor Marinho might very well shrug his shoulders, regretfully cut Time-Life out of the profits, and continue to dispose of a fortune in dollars.

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THE NEW POLITICS GOES LOCAL

PAUL BOOTH
Mr. Booth, former national secretary of SDS, is on the board of the National Conference for New Politics, and edits its discussion bulletin, Inter/Change.

Chicago

Around the country, a bizarre phenomenon is appearing on the political scene; thousands of dissenters are involved in movements which seek to counter the decisions of war and peace, made on the highest level of government, by offering candidates for local political office. These new movements have already begun to surface in California and Illinois, and almost every Tuesday between now and November there will be a local election somewhere.

To a man like Robert Scheer, whose campaign for Congress in the district that includes Berkeley and Oakland was the outstanding achievement of the electoral peace movement in 1966, there is no anomoly in this local approach to national issues. "The cold war has penetrated every aspect of our common life," he says, and the answer to it must be built on the aspirations of the ordinary people whose needs have been ignored and whose lives have been warped as a direct result of cold-war priorities. This analysis led the Berkeley Community for New Politics (CNP)—the organizational successor to the Scheer campaign—to offer three candidates for City Council in the April 4 election, and to win more than a third of the vote for them.

Civil rights advocates have also turned to local politics. In Chicago, two independent Negro candidates defeated Negro Democrats for the City Council, and Dick Gregory's protest campaign for mayor netted 20,775 write-in votes that were counted and an estimated equal number that were thrown out. But 1966 was just the first round; in 1967 independent Negro candidates will try to break the hold of the Democratic Party all over the country.

The peace and civil rights forces are consciously in coalition throughout the states. Members of Berkeley CNP went to work in behalf of Elijah Turner's ghetto-based campaign for Oakland City Council in the election held April 18. One of the new Chicago independent aldermen, A. A. (Sammy) Rayner, Jr., served as chairman of the peace movement's March 25 protest meeting at which Martin Luther King called for joint action to end the war in Vietnam and poverty and racism at home.

Yet the movements work independently, each on its own political timetable. Unmistakably, both are growing factors on the American political scene, and professional politicians from coast to coast are taking careful measure of their potential power.

Campaigns like that of Scheer in Berkeley represent a development in the thinking of peace advocates beyond the old "peace politics." In recent years, especially in the even-numbered years, such people have used November elections as occasions for expressing protest or for offering alternative policies. Only a few groups saw those dates as early milestones on the road to eventual political power.

In 1962 and 1966, the large number of peace candidates attracted the attention of the press and aroused a good deal of anxiety among professional party politicians, but in neither year did the effort merit the hoopla, once the votes were counted. In New Haven last fall, where Prof. Robert Cook as a third-party candidate had challenged the incumbent Democratic Congressman, Robert Giaimo, Town Chairman Arthur Barbieri introduced Giaimo to his victory party as "the man who beat Cook." But Cook got barely 5 per cent of the vote and even so he made the strongest showing of all the third-line candidates. Out of the soul-searching that followed November, 1966, a new political strategy was born, aimed at permanent organization for the steady accumulation of power.

This changeover has not been easy. The peace movement is a middle-class movement of a particular sort; it draws its rank and file from the most cosmopolitan elements of the professional class. Its members have developed their politics in reaction to *The New York Times*, to Huntley-Brinkley, and to the liberal journals, but never to the conditions of their own working lives or their immediate environment. One local peace-politics newsletter can be distinguished from the next only by examining the mailing wrapper; the contents refer exclusively to national and international concerns, never analyzing the city's power structure, commenting on the local welfare department, or even identifying the local draft boards or recording the names and numbers of local young people drafted, wounded or killed in the war.

This approach to the electorate has been essentially educational, discussing issues—primarily Vietnam—that would not otherwise be raised. One hundred candidates in twenty-five states campaigned on such issues in 1966. When the ballots were counted, the insurgents' areas of strength stood out on the map like a topography of the American professional class. In Newton, Ann Arbor, Hyde Park, Bethesda and hundreds of other university towns and white-collar suburbs, the peace movement gained thousands of backers. But these were islands of strength, enough to give independent candidates 3 per cent of the vote, and Democratic primary insurgents 15 per cent of the vote. The exceptions were provided by the campaigns, like Scheer's, that succeeded in attracting mass support in ghetto areas. The 1966 total added up to 1 million votes cast against the war, the product of prodigious efforts by peace people, most of whom were taking their message from door to door for the first time.

Some workers read this as another chapter in the story of moral men hopelessly isolated in an immoral land. But that reading doesn't square with the returns from Dearborn, Mich., where 41 per cent of the voters supported a referendum for withdrawal from Vietnam—and without a local peace movement or any substantial educational campaign around the issue.

The only interpretation that does square with the facts is that the peace movement has thus far failed to tap the

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anti-war sentiment existing in that 95 per cent of America that makes its political choices according to the most immediate and obvious conditions of social life—family, race, class, the state of the economy and how city hall has been treating the neighborhood. Slowly but surely, the argument about how to seize the attention of those ordinary Americans has begun to supplant the endless debates over the slogan of withdrawal, the dress and demeanor of marchers, the exclusion of Communists. Not that these earlier concerns have been resolved; it is one of the frustrations of work to end the war that arguments about effectiveness can't be resolved by factual evidence. The results of peace actions are felt less at the polls than in the intangible realm of "public opinion," and show up in elusive phenomena like the credibility gap.

"I've been through those arguments enough times to know them by heart. Up here, we've stopped listening to these discussions long enough to start organizing our own neighborhood."

That claim comes from C. Clark Kissinger, formerly national secretary of Students for a Democratic Society and the principal organizer of the first March on Washington to End the War in Vietnam. Early in 1966, he was hired by the peace-politics group in Chicago (Committee for Independent Political Action: CIPA) to work in the 49th Ward, a serene white middle-class community on Lake Michigan. Kissinger took a job teaching mathematics at a Catholic college in the ward, and began drawing out of the neighborhood a corps of political workers, mostly young professionals like himself.

Last summer they blitzed the neighborhood, obtaining 6,000 signatures to put two independent candidates on the ballot for state legislature, only to have their names removed by the politically dominated Board of Election Commissioners, with no cause stated. Thereupon, four CIPA workers forced the movement into the attention of their neighbors and the whole city by staging a sit-in at the election office and landing on the front pages (and in jail for the afternoon).

Kissinger was nominated over two other CIPA members for alderman in an open convention early last winter. His campaign began to prove that in his phrase "the war is a local issue." "At the very moment when funds are needed the most, the national Democratic Administration has chosen to make *War* our number-one social priority." The money to fight poverty in Chicago "is paying for the American expeditionary forces in Vietnam and Thailand." But Kissinger campaigned on other issues as well, identifying himself and CIPA to residents of Rogers Park as "the civil rights candidates" and the "radical group," as well as opponents of the war.

CIPA brought a busload of Englewood Negroes about to be evicted from their homes by urban renewal (the plan would tear down sound housing to build parking lots) to lily-white Rogers Park to look for homes. Kissinger attacked Mayor Daley and his machine as a local version of Johnsonism. And he argued to voters that "the one thing the Daley machine is not reluctant to give to poor and middle-class people is the bulk of the tax load. The Daley machine's basic alliance with the business community means that corporate profits go untaxed in Illinois." Issue-oriented politics in the 49th Ward meant that no piece of literature, not even the campaign buttons, would say merely "Kissinger for Alderman"; the pins read: "When a Machine short-changes you kick it," and the posters summarized the CIPA platform.

Actually, three varieties of insurgency entered the aldermanic elections in an effort to undermine Daley's organization. Even stronger than efforts of the New Left like CIPA, and traditional reform movements in a few wards, were the independent Negro candidates.

They ran in five of the wards that make up U.S. Rep. William Dawson's 1st District on the South Side, and in eight other wards of the city. These have been among the most solidly Democratic neighborhoods in the nation. Their overwhelming votes for Kennedy swung Illinois into the Democratic column in 1960, delivering the bloc of electoral votes that historians regard as the crucial ones. But three Negro independents made a significant impression on Chicago politics with strong showings in three of Dawson's wards in the February 28 and April 4 aldermanic elections.

In Woodlawn's 6th Ward Samuel Rayner, who is commander of Veterans for Peace in Vietnam, was elected to the council with more than 60 per cent of the vote, unseating one of the "Silent Six" incumbent Negro machine aldermen. Fred Hubbard, a young community organizer running in Dawson's own 2nd Ward, was credited with 42 per cent in the official count, and brought in enough evidence of vote padding to persuade everyone but the Board of Election Commissioners that a fair count would have elected him. And William Cousins, a board member of the local ADA chapter, got into a run-off in the 8th Ward and won election on April 4.

These successes represent the independent temper of voters on Chicago's South Side much more accurately than did Dick Gregory's showing as a write-in candidate for mayor. Not only was the Gregory campaign a pure protest effort, with hard work beginning only in March (by contrast, Hubbard has been organizing in the 2nd Ward since the late fifties) but the election judges were careful to credit him with less than half the votes he really got. He was given 20,775 votes (1.9 per cent), but the board's statistics show 31,000 voters who didn't vote for mayor, of which 24,000 were in wards with no aldermanic run-off election. Presumably they walked into the voting booth, stared at it, and decided to walk out without voting.

A fundamental challenge to the hegemony of the Daley-Dawson machine is unfolding, and all the parties to it, from the peace movement through every wing of the civil rights movement, are committed to continue the organizing work that has brought them the first taste of power. Three particular qualities of Chicago give their work national importance. Within the national Democratic coalition, the Chicago machine is the firmest element. No other organization approaches the cohesion and power of the combine that Richard J. Daley controls from his position as chairman of the Central Committee of the Cook County Democratic Party. And Chicago is a model for the country, judged by political scientists to be (with New Haven) one of the urban governments most successful at coordinating local power structures. Lyndon Johnson could learn a

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great deal about how to run the great consensus from Edward Banfield's *Political Influence*, in which Mayor Daley emerges as the master of the art.

Second, there is more community organizing in Chicago than in any other city, and that provides a basis for exercising political power in ways much more democratic than are available elsewhere. The city has a strong organization of poor whites—the JOIN Community Union. Its tenant unions on the West Side pioneered in winning collective bargaining contracts between tenants and slumlords. It is the home base of Saul Alinsky's efforts. And the bulk of its grass-roots community organizations are joining to create a new training school to expand their efforts; they hope to see poor people's candidates for alderman in fifteen wards by 1971.

Third, Chicago is sociologically very similar to dozens of small Midwestern cities. Its basic style is that of its white working class, expressed through a strong Catholic Church and a strong Democratic machine. But this style is threatened by the unrest of the ghettoized Negro population, already more than a third of the city and inching toward a majority.

On the North Side, Kissinger was not the only insurgent candidate of the under-30 generation from which magazines like *Time* anticipate so much political trouble. Al Kaplan, organizer of the local social workers union, and Jerry Herman, a public schoolteacher, ran in the 43rd and 42nd Wards, at the other end of the Ninth Congressional District from CIPA. All three received a little better than 5 per cent of the vote. CIPA felt the election showed that one kind of hard work is more productive than another: in the handful of precincts where the work was "intensive," with house meetings and hourlong individual conversations, the vote ran to 15 per cent and 20 per cent, whereas in precincts where the same number of man-hours went in canvassing every voter with leaflets and other "extensive" work, the results were close to the 5 per cent average for the whole ward.

CIPA and veterans of the Kaplan and Herman campaigns have begun discussions of joint work that would build around the concerns of the young professionals who make up their constituencies. These are workers in the organized service professions—teachers, professors, social workers, clergymen, planners—as distinct from doctors, laywers and other "free professionals." To these people, new politics seems to go hand in hand with militant white-collar unionism, a New Left critique of the society, and work to end the war in Vietnam.

Berkeley, Calif., the logical place for such a development to appear in its most advanced form, lived up to its reputation. Not only did the Community for New Politics offer three candidates for city council who received 10,000 votes each, to 16,000 for the incumbents, but Jerry Rubin, organizer of the Vietnam Day Committee and a frequently arrested peace activist, ran a campaign for mayor that aimed to unify the "hippies" and the Left, and registered 7,000 votes, more than 20 per cent of the total.

Although Rubin and the CNP slate failed to gain office, one ghetto insurgent supported by both the peace and civil rights movements did win a seat on the city council—further evidence that the strength of independent politics is deepest in Negro neighborhoods.

In the Midwest, this tendency is general, and holds promise of becoming the outstanding fact of urban political life in America by the end of the decade. In Pittsburgh and Cleveland, further tests of its strength will take place before the year is out. State Rep. Carl Stokes, who came within 2,000 votes of unseating Cleveland's Mayor Ralph Locker two years ago, will announce his decision to make another try in the September 4 election. Pittsburgh is seeing a coalition effort with three candidates for city council offered by the new Allegheny Alliance. And in Gary, where the Negro population is close to the 50 per cent figure, civil rights attorney and city councilman Richard Hatcher in early May won the Democratic primary election in a three-way fight with Mayor Martin Katz and a backlash candidate, Bernard Konrady. He now is busy resisting the threats of the Democratic machine to stay home in November unless he modifies his program.

Hatcher's campaign was typical in its heavy stress on Negro rights; but the key to its success was its ability to organize tremendous grass-roots support in the ghetto around this program. On election night, 5,000 Negroes celebrated in the main street of Gary, closing down traffic for half a mile. But this same number had also been in attendance at several election rallies, and hundreds of the celebrators had pounded the pavement and worked the polls, as they will do again in November.

In East St. Louis, Ill., a new group called the Young Voters Coordinating Committee on April 4 won 25 per cent of the vote for its slate against the all-white Democratic machine. Oakland, Calif., has a Negro campaign for city council, and in Mississippi, where the Freedom Democratic Party has been a pioneer in independent politics, the November elections for state legislature will bring out a formidable Negro drive throughout the delta.

While national attention has been focused on the defense of Adam Clayton Powell, it is this new upsurge at the local level that is gaining the attention of people in the barbershops and bars, in the churches and on the street corners of the ghettos. Whereas Powell achieved his Congressional chairmanship from the strength of his old-style Negro Democratic machine, and subsequently chose to move with the temper of the ghetto, the new insurgents begin in opposition to the Democratic Party, whether its candidates are white or Uncle Toms. Commitment to the Democratic Party has increasingly become the issue dividing the old leadership and the new forces as can be seen in Gary, where C. Sumner Stone, Powell's chief assistant in Washington, campaigned for Katz, while the local civil rights movement backed Hatcher.

Much of the new leadership comes from the Negro middle class. Most candidates are lawyers like Hatcher and Cousins, public employees like Rep. John Conyer of Detroit, or ministers like John Porter in Chicago's 17th Ward. But this middle class has very little in common with the "Black Bourgeoisie" of sociology—the families that tried so hard to forget their race that whiteness and cleanliness became obsessions. This new middle class is highly conscious of race and racism, responsive to Stokely Carmichael's political analysis, and ready to break with its political heritage, which in Chicago they ca

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"Plantation Politics." The tens of thousands of middle-class Negroes in the 6th, 8th and 21st Wards of Chicago, who voted independent in February, were people who felt that their gains had been wrested from the power structure (including Democratic city administrations) and must be secured by organized political action.

The federal programs of the Great Society have not been able to hold Negro voters to the Democratic Party. The superhighways are used mostly by white suburban commuters, and their construction invariably involves the dislocation of thousands of Negro families. The poverty wars are quickly domesticated into harmless social work or just plain political patronage. In fact, the ability of poverty workers and community groups to maintain a degree of integrity for the war on poverty seems to vary inversely with the strength of the local Democratic Party; in Chicago and the Deep South the programs are thoroughly domesticated, while the "war" retains some independence in Pittsburgh where the machine is in disarray.

The arena for new politics in 1968 will probably be in fights for the House of Representatives and state legislatures. Few activists can bring themselves to take seriously the idea of a national alternative to Johnson. Their own battles for the House in 1966 gave them a vivid sense of the difficulty of mounting any campaign; unless a national campaign is launched far in advance of November, 1968, there won't be new-politics workers in more than 2 per cent of the nation's precincts.

Some Negro leaders, principally Floyd McKissick of CORE, have begun to talk of a third party, but the elected Negro politicians see the creation of a Negro bloc to bargain within the Democratic Party as a more realistic goal for the next year. In California, state Sen. Mervyn Dymally of Watts has begun that work, and Representative Conyers is known to think along similar lines. To head this off, President Johnson is convening several hundred elected Negro officials for a June White House meeting. Ostensibly, the topic is civil rights enforcement, but *Newsweek* calls it a "subtle move" to outflank the plans of Dymally, Powell, Bond and others.

However, some elements within the National Conference for New Politics—the umbrella leadership council which services the local efforts—talk loosely about a candidate to challenge Johnson in the primaries, or in November or both. The names most bandied about are Dr. Benjamin Spock, Rev. Martin Luther King, Sen. Wayne Morse and Dick Gregory; Gregory has declared himself a "write-in candidate" for President with the slogan "Peace in '68," while King and Morse have tried to remove their names from consideration.

Most of the new-politics movements intend to use the 1968 elections to build their own strength and to project into campaign debate radical alternative programs on domestic issues, as well as on foreign policy. Even where Presidential politics is on the agenda, it will conform to this principle. Talk in California about a new-politics slate of Democratic convention delegates has included the idea of pledging them to a radical program instead of to a personality. In a few states a third party will appear on the ballot for the first time since the election laws were tightened following the Progressive Party effort in 1948, but even in these states heavy effort will be made on behalf of local candidates.

The long-range planning of those at the left wing of American politics is a sharp break from the *ad hoc* single-issue mentality of the past decade. Although some radicals have long urged this shift of perspective, it now fits snugly with two basic trends of American political life. A conservative restoration began with the 1966 elections; it had been made inevitable by the alliances of a Democratic President with all the forces to his right, to wage the war in Vietnam. It is a political mood that contrasts to the relative openness of the early sixties, and its implications were being read by men like Robert Kennedy as early as the spring of 1966, when he adjusted his timetable for taking power to 1972. Conservatives once more control the Congress and in all likelihood will retain control in 1968. This in itself is enough reason for the Left to build its strength for a long haul.

The second trend is the steady growth of the Left. The sheer volume of dissent to the great consensus increases every year—on the campus, in the ghetto, in unions, in the professions and at the polls. The most disturbing "scenario" haunting the imaginations of America's men of power is the possibility that radicals seeking to be relevant to present conditions might join with millions of ordinary Americans who are enough fed up with the shape of things to contemplate real social change. The local elections of 1967 are bringing that day of reckoning closer.

UPERSONIC TRANSPORT II

Heat, Cold, Radiation & the Boom

CARL M. RUPPENTHAL

This is the second of Mr. Ruppenthal's three articles on the supersonic transport. The first (The Nation, *May 22*) *dealt with some of the economic aspects of the SST. The third will consider some of the political and social ramifications of the project.*

Before the proposed U.S. supersonic transport can get off the ground, some impressive technical problems must be solved. One of these concerns heat. When a plane travels through the air at three times the speed of sound, the heat generated on the skin of the craft will be on the order of 500° Fahrenheit—about the temperature that a French chef uses to broil a steak. Because aluminum loses much of its strength after prolonged exposure to such temperatures, neither aluminum nor any of its presently developed alloys can be used for the exterior surface of the SST. At present, the designers of the Mach 3 (three times

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the speed of sound) transport are working with titanium alloys and stainless steel. The disadvantage of steel is that it is heavy; titanium is much lighter, but it is relatively new on the industrial scene. It is also difficult to form and expensive to work. While it is entirely possible that new technologies for working this metal will be discovered, they are not yet at hand. Titanium offers promise to the aircraft designer and to the scientist, but to the banker it promises heavy costs. A great many research dollars will be spent in an effort to develop an air frame that will be sufficient to the task and still be light enough to carry a profitable payload.

The heat produced by flying through the air at high speeds produces other problems. How are the airlines to keep the passengers from being broiled alive as they speed about in their supersonic oven? While the task of air-conditioning the plane is not a momentous engineering feat, it requires the development of a system capable of dissipating large amounts of heat quickly and efficiently and without employing heavy or bulky machinery.

Paradoxically, flying at high altitudes where temperatures run as low as −100° centigrade, the plane's fuel (kerosene) may tend to freeze. The engineers are thus attracted to the idea of linking the two temperature problems together: heat created on the surface of the plane might be dissipated into the plane's fuel supply. To the man at the drafting table, this looks like a fairly straightforward solution to the problem, but to the pilot who is trained to think in terms of fire, the prospect is less inviting.

The spectrum of new engineering problems is challenging and wide. Windows and other openings on the SST must be able to withstand a wide range of temperatures and pressures. The problems associated with windows are so great that it is likely there will be no windows whatsoever in the cabin, and the pilot's windows may be functional only for take-off and landing. The plane may cruise entirely on instruments, dependent upon radio, radar and other electronic devices to achieve separation from other planes.

Since the Mach 3 jet will cruise at 60,000 to 80,000 feet (10 to 15 miles)—its pressurization systems must not fail. The cabins of today's jets are pressurized to the equivalent of about 5,000 feet when they are at cruising altitude (normally between 24,000 feet and 41,000 feet mean sea level). The fail-safe features of the 707 and the DC-8 provide an oxygen mask that drops automatically in front of each passenger in the event the cabin loses pressure. But this will not be good enough for the Mach 3 craft. Should the cabin rupture at 60,000 feet, the passengers' blood would boil, and the oxygen mask would be of no avail. Only a space suit, or a system which cannot possibly fail, will suffice. This means fail-safe pressurization systems, doors that will not leak, windows that cannot be blown out. All of these features can be developed, but each development may add to the weight of the craft, and they will certainly add to the cost.

High-altitude flight creates another problem which aviation has not yet fully faced—the hazard of radiation. At the cruising altitudes of the SST, the primary cosmic radiation consists mainly of protons (the nuclei of hydrogen atoms). The energy of these particles can be extremely high. Nuclear scientists have stated that the shell of the aircraft will not protect the occupants from radiation; as a matter of fact, it will act to increase the dosage rate.

Flying at the new cruising altitudes, the occupant of an SST will be exposed to a radiation dose equivalent to about 2 millirem per flying hour. Since 500 millirem per year is the maximum specified for nonradiation workers by the International Commission on Radiological Protection, a passenger (or crew member) would receive the maximum permissible dosage in 250 hours—just one-fourth the amount of flying time plane crews are now allowed annually by the Civil Air Regulations.

Further, particular solar events greatly increase the radiation dosage. Anyone passing through such an event might receive the maximum permissible annual radiation dosage in a single flight. Because of the genetic implications of radiation, some biologists have suggested that crew members for the SST be selected entirely from people beyond the normal childbearing age.

Thus, all hostesses on supersonic transports would be at least 45—a breed of flying grandmothers who would contrast sharply with the image of the chic young thing the airlines have cultivated so assiduously these many years. Far more serious from an economic standpoint would be the effect upon the working life of pilots. The cost of training well-qualified DC-6 captains to fly the Boeing 707 was on the order of $30,000 per man. If training costs for the SST are but twice that amount, an airline will think twice before making such an investment in a pilot who has very few productive years ahead of him. The FAA requires all airline pilots to retire at 60.

Furthermore, one competent test pilot has stated that in today's jets a pilot can wait as long as fifteen seconds before reacting to a situation without risking irreparable harm. If he is correct in his estimate that only five seconds of reaction time will be available to the SST pilot, trouble may be in store. For it is well known that as a man becomes older, his judgment may improve but his reaction time becomes longer. In short, it looks now as though neither young men nor old men will be suitable as pilots for the SST.

Turbulence also will be a problem. As the airlines took to flying at altitudes used by subsonic jets, they began to experience clear air turbulence. Several of today's jets have encountered turbulence that has breached the aircraft structure or thrown it completely out of control. The supersonic transport must be designed to withstand the most severe conditions that can be encountered, and about these conditions relatively little is now known.

What is known is that the impact increases with speed and the standard practice for subsonic jets is to reduce speed as soon as the condition is recognized. The worst problem of clear air turbulence arises principally from the fact that at present there is no accurate way to forecast its existence. Unless major advances are made in weather analysis, it may be impossible for the supersonic airline to know of clear air turbulence far enough in advance to take precautionary measures.

But these problems of radiation, heat transfer and metal fatigue pale by comparison with the one great pro

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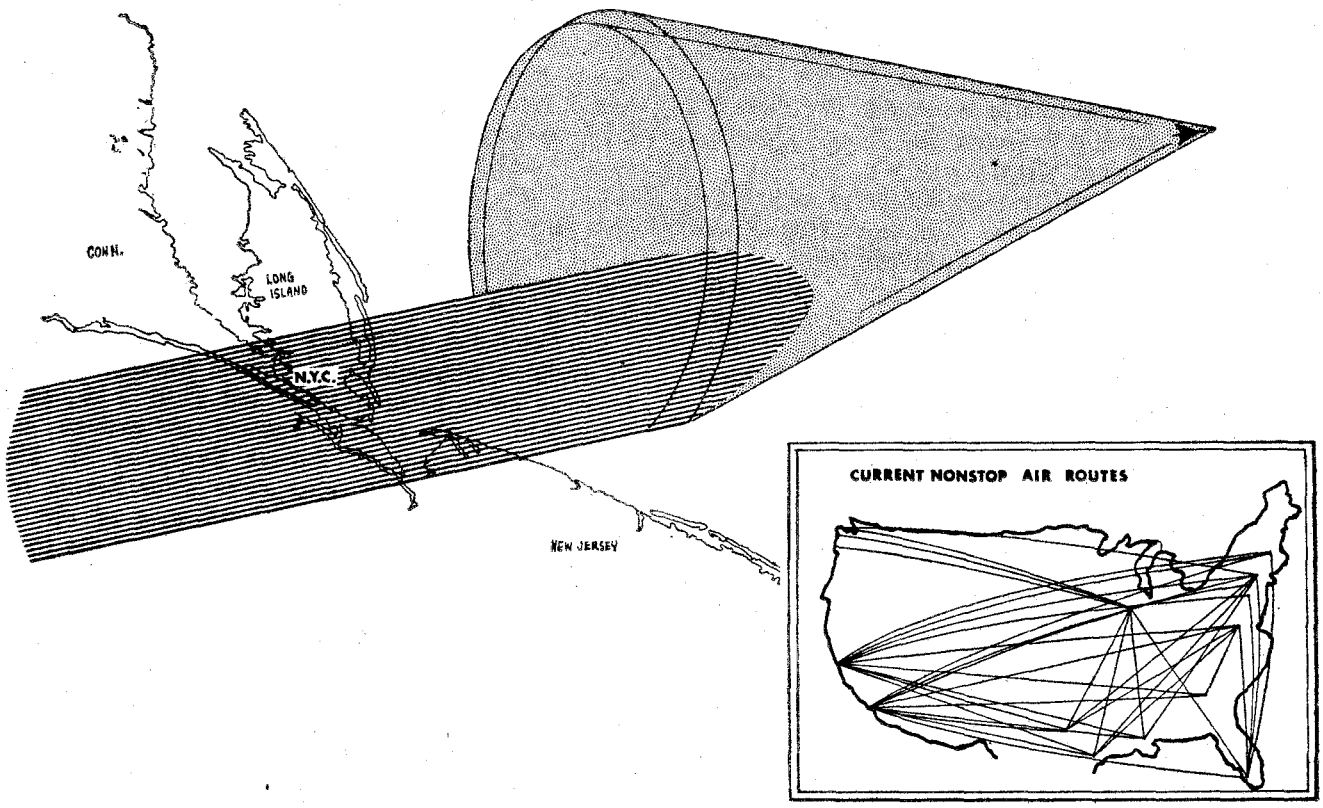

lem of supersonic flight, for which nothing approaching an answer has yet been found. That is the sonic boom, and indeed the problems of the boom are so important and so far from solution that they may wreck the nice economic calculations that have been made by proponents of the SST, and the SST timetable as well.

Many people are under the misapprehension that the sonic boom is a momentary phenomenon. In a movie made a decade or more ago, some Hollywood star flew through the theoretical "sound barrier." As his plane approached the speed of sound, he encountered many weird phenomena, but once the speed of sound was exceeded, all was smooth. There was no vibration, no problems—and no boom. How the aircraft industry wishes that the Hollywood version of the sonic boom were reality! The fact is that the sonic boom, a shock wave, is a continuing phenomenon, and it is created when a plane flies at any speed higher than Mach 1.

If a supersonic transport were to cruise at the speed of Mach 3 at altitudes used by present-day jets, it would leave in its wake a trail of destruction fifty miles wide. Although the Air Force has taken great pains to minimize the damage caused by its supersonic jets, the number of damage claims filed against the federal government has been steadily increasing. Some 3,000 were filed in 1962 alone. The Air Force no longer publishes the number of claims filed or the amount of reparations demanded, but it is known that the dollars paid, together with the cost of processing claims, has already run into the millions. Sonic boom damage caused by military planes has been responsible for a wide variety of claims. In 1962 a farmer in North Dakota was paid $1,048 because his animal had to be shot after a boom caused it to bolt into a barbed-wire fence. Another farmer in Hallock, Minn., was paid $50 because booms caused his chickens to panic and suffocate against a wall. In Cedar City, U., a store owner was paid $1,900 to replace plate glass windows and stock damaged by a boom. A farmer in Northern California sued the Air Force for $1.25 million for boom damage to livestock and irrigation pipes.

Even when the claims are farfetched, they must be investigated, at a cost of about $100 per claim. The Air Force recently investigated (and denied) a claim from an elderly recluse who sought $19 million in damages because he alleged that a boom had turned his house upside down. Also denied was a claim from a Cleveland motorist who said that sonic booms had ruined his automobile's power steering.

Because of the rising number of claims the Air Force has in recent years run a public relations campaign. Hundreds of civic leaders along B-58 test corridors near Strategic Air Command Headquarters in Omaha and the General Dynamics plant in Forth Worth have been assured that sonic booms aren't much louder than thunder. "The flights are the by-product of training maneuvers to save lives," said an Air Force spokesman. "Americans will have to learn to live with sonic booms. There's going to be more of them—a lot more."

This is a sobering background for the SST, particularly when one considers that most of the Air Force flights have been conducted with relatively small planes and over sparsely populated areas. The shock of the sonic boom varies with the size of the aircraft, and the damage created by the boom obviously varies with the value of the real estate that lies in its wake.

Uncertain about the effects of the sonic boom, the Federal Aviation Agency undertook experiments in Okla-

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homa City some time ago. After the residents had been carefully prepared, a series of runs was made. When there were claims of structural damage, the FAA made appropriate inspections. It also purchased structures in various parts of the city to record the vibrations and to note how much damage actually occurred.

At the outset, the residents of Oklahoma City were rather proud that their city had been selected for these important experiments. Many of them were eager to see them succeed. When the booms first began, most residents were mildly amused. But as they progressed, many of them became annoyed. At the conclusion of the tests, many Oklahomans breathed a sigh of relief that the ordeal was at last finished.

In their official pronouncements the FAA has stated that the tests indicate that 73 per cent of the Oklahomans indicated that they could live with the boom (at least, with a sonic boom such as they experienced during these particular tests). This means that some 27 per cent of the residents indicated that they would be unwilling to tolerate even that much sonic boom. That fact is significant for several reasons.

In the first place, the people were well conditioned. They knew when to expect the sonic booms, knew that they would occur only in daylight hours. They understood that the experiments were carefully monitored and controlled, and that they might well serve a useful scientific purpose. Add to that the fact that there are no historic shrines in Oklahoma City; no ancient castles that might be shattered by a sonic boom; no Revolutionary War structures; no great galleries; no sensitive seismographic instruments.

Consider also that much of the industry of Oklahoma City is based on and around aviation. The very large Air Force base, Tinker Field, together with the various installations of the Federal Aviation Agency, supply by far the largest payroll in the city. Within its metropolitan district are aviation schools, aircraft plants and other small industries with an aviation orientation. Much of the rest of the economy is based on petroleum, for which aviation is by far its largest single customer.

Important also is the fact that the residents of Oklahoma City knew that the sonic boom program was temporary. But despite all the factors, more than a quarter of the people affected found the boom intolerable. During the twenty-six weeks of carefully controlled sonic boom tests in Oklahoma City, the Federal Aviation Agency received 15,452 complaints from residents and 4.901 formal damage claims. However, a spokesman for that agency concluded that the fault was not with the sonic booms but with the public relations efforts of the agency. Said Maj. Gen. J. C. Maxwell, the FAA's director of the SST program: "We [shall] need to do a much better job in telling the SST story in the years ahead."

Speaking of the tests, B.O.K. Lundberg, the Swedish aviation expert, states that the number of people protesting the boom would be far larger than the number of people ever expected to enter a supersonic plane. He states that every flight across the United States would produce a "boom carpet" covering some 10 million people and terrifying millions more.

Although thousands of damage claims have been filed and millions of dollars paid for their satisfaction, no claims have as yet been filed for the most tragic effect of the sonic boom. It was not until last January 11 that the Interior Department revealed serious damage to the prehistoric cliff dwellings in Mesa Verde National Park. Some of the most scenic areas known to man have been defaced. A Navajo Indian, Guy Quazzie Teller, watched as the shock wave from a single military plane demolished a large portion of a magnificent overhanging cliff.

On October 4, 1966, Park Ranger Charles B. Supplee, "a qualified archaeologist," observed continuing damage by sonic boom between 12:27 and 12.31 P.M., and at 2:33 P.M. park rangers counted eighty-three sonic booms from August 11 through December 22, 1966. On October 12, 1966, after three short booms were reported, "approximately 10 to 15 tons of dirt and rock was found to have fallen from one of the formations near the bottom of the Navajo Loop Trail, in the park." Interior Secretary Stewart Udall said that the situation was disturbing because of the "intrusion of the sonic boom on the fragile masterpieces of nature."

According to *The New York Times*, Udall discussed the matter with the Air Force "which promised cooperation but suggested that the Federal Aviation Agency should be consulted. Air space is considered to be the province of the aviation agency."

George B. Hartzog, Jr., director of the National Park Service, reported that the number of sonic booms over the Canyon de Chelly (in Mesa Verde National Park) had increased sharply in 1966. "With extensive back country and side canyons, the total damage is impossible to assess; however, it is reasonable to assume that it is extensive in view of the on-site observation in Canyon del Muerto." There park service engineers estimated that about 80 tons of rock fell on the cliff dwellings.

Additional damage has been found in Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks in southern Utah. There, amazing sandstone formations, the result of nature's forces conspiring together for millions of years, have been reduced to rubble in an instant by a single sonic boom. While the Interior Department presumably could ask monetary redress from the Defense Department, such a payment would be nothing more than an internal transfer of funds. Nothing can restore the damaged areas.

The severe wreckage already done in the U. by a handful of supersonic military planes increases the probability that such historic cities as Antwerp, Nuremberg and Vienna will never permit supersonic planes approach within 100 miles. It goes without saying that the prohibition against overflight will be automatic for such jewels as Paris, Florence, Rome and Athens. The West German and Swiss Governments have already announced that they will forbid SST flights over their jurisdictions if their people find them annoying.

Even in the United States, where the historic shrines are much younger and less priceless, it seems improbable that even the flying public will be willing to risk boom damage to Mt. Vernon, Independence Hall or the Wh

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House. It seems more likely that the public will restrict the planes. That would mean that their utility would be severely reduced and the total cost per plane increased accordingly.

Some of the proponents of the SST seek to minimize the problem by saying that some inconvenience is the inevitable price of progress. They liken the process to the necessity for a prairie horse to become accustomed to the passing of an occasional railroad train. But obviously this is no realistic parallel. Given all that is presently known about the sonic boom, if regularly scheduled supersonic flights are permitted across the country, thousands of structures must be redesigned and rebuilt and their occupants fitted with sound suppressers, or a sonic boom right of way something like 100 miles wide must be cut from coast to coast.

Some people have suggested that since the force of the boom is a function of the size of the plane, a smaller version might be built for flights over land. Thus, they contend, the larger model (built by Boeing) could make the overwater hops while the smaller model (built by some other company) could fly over land. While this suggestion has the virtue of spreading the pie among several aircraft companies, it has the disadvantage of additional cost—perhaps $1 billion more. And much of the time that potentially would be saved flying a supersonic transport from Los Angeles to Vienna would be consumed in transfering from the little jet to the big jet at New York, again to the little jet in London or Paris. Furthermore, the size of the market for each type of aircraft would be so reduced that there would be virtually no chance that either could ever pay its way.

Speaking of the problems of the sonic boom, C.B.S. reporter Bill Stout suggests that if the SST is restricted to overwater hops, the SST could easily become a multi-billion-dollar bust. And while over-ocean sonic boom problems have been dismissed as insignificant by the SST promoters, it is not at all clear that this view is shared by the ocean shipping industry, by pleasure boatmen or by the fishing interests. If the sonic boom swamps a few yachts, damages the masts in merchant vessels, and rudely awakens sleeping passengers on ocean-going liners, an entirely new set of legal problems may be created. Who is to say that the aviation industry has the right to interfere with ocean-going commerce? Might the sonic boom be construed by the shipping nations as interference with the traditional freedom of the seas?

As small segments of the public have become aware of the destructive potential of the sonic boom, public apprehension has increased. Unless they have a clear economic interest in the project themselves, many people will seriously question whether the increased speed can possibly be worth the cost. They are not impressed by the statements of SST promoters that the public simply will have to get used to the boom. Nor are they convinced that overland operations should be permitted even if the earth-bound humans in sparcely populated areas are somehow compensated for the noise.

All of this raises serious questions concerning the feasibility of the supersonic transport itself and important questions also in a somewhat different realm. Should decisions critically affecting the living qualities of the earth be made only by the promoters, the bureaucrats and the technologists? Or should such decisions be shared by the people who must inevitably bear the brunt of them and who inevitably underwrite the cost?

LOUISVILLE HAPPENING

THE DERBY RUNS SCARED

LAWRENCE GRAUMAN, Jr.
Mr. Grauman, a native of Kentucky, is a writer and critic now in residence at Antioch College.

Louisville

Louisville in spring is almost as beautiful as the Kentucky Tourist Bureau says it is. By mid-April Cherokee Park is already sweet with new grass and dense with the efflorescence of redbud, dogwood and thousands of old hardwoods. Further east, out along the Upper River Road and the Cincinnati Highway, the vast old estates have been subdivided into plots for $40,000 and $50,000 homes, but it has been done discreetly, and the season still spreads across the rolling land with a certain Southern grandeur. By early May gardeners are giving a second mowing to the steep sloping lawns along Mockingbird Valley Road, and the colonnades of the large old homes above have been freshly painted in preparation for Derby guests. Somebody recently designated Louisville an "All-American City" and everyone is proud of that. Special signs have been posted along the clean-swept streets in the downtown business district so that visitors will know Louisville takes its image seriously. This May, however, the traditional pre-Derby Pegasus Parade was canceled in a city too tense to risk the gathering of crowds in those streets.

Spring has also come to Louisville's West End, but there it is not so grand. Grass does not grow readily on the blocks that have been razed for urban renewal. Many of the large old homes have been hastily divided into small apartments and sleeping rooms, and few of the tenants have time to tend the tiny yards and gardens. The West End comprises the northwest corner of the city, bounded by the Ohio River as it turns from west to south, by the downtown district on the east and an industrial area on the south. In twenty-two of the West End's twenty-eight census tracts the median income is under $5,000 a year. Here live 60,000 of Jefferson County's 86,000 Negroes, and by the next census the area will be well over 50 per cent Negro. In their study *Negroes in Cities* (1965), Karl and Alma Taeuber give Louisville a residential segre-

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gation "index" of 89.2—among the highest in the nation. Although the West End is neither so bleak nor so black as a comparable part of, say, Jackson, Miss., a visitor does not need statistics to recognize a residential pattern common to most large Southern and Midwestern cities.

Ten years ago Louisville's Negroes were concentrated in the Walnut Street area along the eastern edge of the West End. But urban renewal has dispersed them westward, away from the business district, and today the closest thing to a hot center for community energy is at 38th and Broadway, where the recently formed West End Community Council (WECC) operates out of an old two-story building. The ground-floor store front, formerly a bakery, has been turned into a coffeehouse called The Happening, and when they are not in school or out marching, many of the local young Negroes hang around there. Some of them jive with one another along the sidewalk in front; others gather inside the barren store front and sing gospels in strenuous harmonies. They have a lot of energy.

The director of the WECC is a 25-year-old former law student named Hulbert James. He is one of the three organizers of the open housing demonstrations that have brought Louisville to a boil in recent weeks. The other two are Martin Luther King's brother, Rev. A. D. Williams King, who is head of the Kentucky Christian Leadership Conference, and Rev. Leo Lesser, president of the Louisville AME Ministerial Alliance. James is the youngest and is believed to be the "angriest" of the open housing leaders, but until recently he had other ideas for the WECC. He had helped organize discussions on the Community Action Commission's administration of the local poverty program, had organized opposition to rent increases at two large housing projects in the area, and had sponsored an integrated Arts and Talent Festival. He had hoped that the WECC would be able to bring white and Negro welfare recipients together to protest inadequate benefits. Now James admits that his chances for achieving an integrated coalition of the West End's poor have been damaged by his militancy on the open housing issue. Although his willingness to use most forms of direct action in the current conflict is shared in the main by King and Lesser, the three of them maintain an uneasy alliance with those ministers and professional men whom Louisville's aldermen are fond of calling "our responsible Negroes." Many of Louisville's newly arisen white liberals seem to have more sympathy for James's tactics than do the West End's older Negroes, and this is reflected in the high proportion of white adults and teen-aged Negroes to be seen among the nightly marchers. "Neither the oppressed nor the oppressors," says James, "see that there is a problem in Louisville."

There is a problem in Louisville, however, and the response to it provides a case study in civic collapse. Back in the days when it was earning its All-American honors, Louisville had a reputation as a very progressive city in matters of race relations. Although a few anti-segregation demonstrations were held in 1961, Louisville had a relatively easy time in getting a public accommodations ordinance, finally passed in 1963. This was followed by a fair employment law and a "freedom of residence" ordinance that had no enforcement provisions. Serious agitation for open housing began only a couple of years ago, while most of the citizenry was still congratulating itself on its enlightened view of social change. It may have been that some Negroes remembered the 1914 ordinance passed by the Board of Aldermen which forbade Negroes to buy property on a block having a "white majority"—an ordinance eventually overturned by the United States Supreme Court. And yet the strongest appeal for an open housing law came not from Negro organizations but from the mostly white City Human Relations Commission, appointed under the administration of former Republican Mayor, now Congressman, William O. Cowger, and now a joint city-county agency.

By the summer of 1966, both the Human Relations Commission and the Kentucky Human Rights Commission had decided that the 1965 housing ordinance based on voluntary compliance was an empty gesture; they urged Louisville and Jefferson County to pass a law with enforcement provisions. Republican Mayor Kenneth Schmied, Cowger's nondescript successor and a small businessman with real estate and consumer credit interests, said that more study was needed, and appointed another committee. In October, 1966, this advisory committee reported that housing discrimination was indeed widespread and recommended a strong ordinance.

By this time civil rights and church groups had formed the Open Housing Committee, of which Hulbert James, A.D. King and Leo Lesser are the leaders, and it agreed to support an ordinance, with jail terms and fines for offenders, that had been based on a model law prepared by the state Human Rights Commission. By November more than thirty civic and church groups had joined the appeal. Although local realtors muttered their predictable disapproval, there was no organized opposition to an enforceable ordinance. After a good deal of equivocation and outright evasion, Mayor Schmied agreed in December to have the ordinance introduced to the Board of Aldermen, but said he opposed it because of the jail provisions and the "broad powers" invested in the Human Relations Commission. Open housing advocates then indicated they would not hold out for jail sentences and also agreed to forestall demonstrations to give the aldermen time to act. Although a revised ordinance, including enough qualifications and exemptions to render it virtually innocuous, was presented by the Human Relations Commission in early February, the aldermen refused to give it a first reading until February 28, by which time the bread was clearly rising.

Meanwhile the aldermen tried a diversionary tactic of their own, and scheduled a series of six public hearings to tune in on public feeling, though no one knew at that point which of several alternatives were even worth talking about. The first hearing was held in the rigidly segregated South End and brought out all the Snopeses, who promptly created such a nasty situation that the remaining hearings were canceled. Then it was Mayor Schmied's turn to fake it again: he announced that there would be no action on an ordinance "as long as there are threats of demonstrations." This was to become the cherished red herring of the city administration. In mid-March, seven months after the first concerted call had been made

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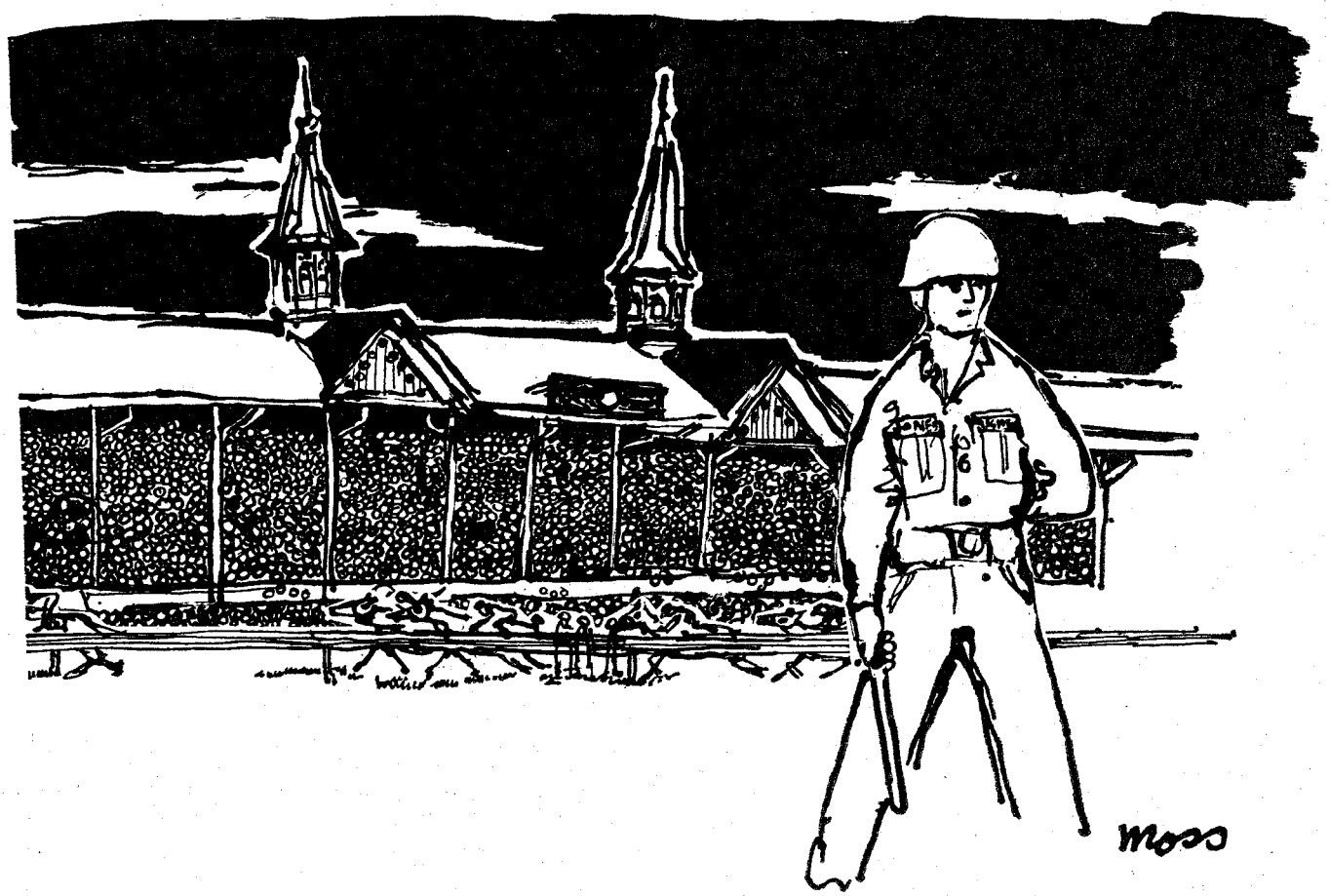
for an ordinance, the Open Housing Committee started marching.

The aldermen finally voted on a much amended ordinance on April 11, turning it down 9 to 3, with the two Negro aldermen among the three. The majority issued a know-nothing report that blamed the entire conflict on local clergymen and "outside agitators" (SCLC had brought in ten or fifteen of its "technicians" to teach nonviolent demonstration) and called attention to the opportunities for gracious living in the West End. The temperate chairman of the Human Relations Commission, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Horrigan, described the aldermanic statement as "frequently bordering on the frivolous," and the *Courier-Journal,* which had from the start pressed hard for an ordinance, called it "shallow, inconsistent and dissembling," and summed up the whole chronicle of ineptitude as a "tragic human failure."

As the tension built toward violence, almost everybody who was anybody was in Louisville, or on their way—except Mayor Schmied. Dick Gregory was there, and Martin Luther King was replaced by his assistant, Hosea Williams. Cassius Clay was on his way, as was the president of the American Bar Association and a couple of traveling salesmen for the American Nazi Party. Mayor Schmied was vacationing at the Master's Golf Tournament. When he finally returned, his first public act was an exculpation which attempted to dump the problem on the Human Relations Commission. Why didn't the commission stop criticizing public officials and start "exerting leadership" in housing problems, the Mayor wondered. In mid-April Hulbert James and A.D. King offered to leave town temporarily and take their technicians with them if the aldermen would promise to pass an open housing ordinance. Aldermanic president "Boots" Young said no, and then the demonstrators got down to business.

They started marching night after night into the darkest South End, provoking the anticipated responses from hordes of mostly teen-aged whites who turned out to throw rocks and cherry bombs, overturn police cars, and execrate cops, clergymen and Negroes indiscriminately. It was a classic SCLC tactic, and after a few weeks the knee-jerk racists were performing as though under laboratory conditions. Most of Louisville was surprised by the number of whites who joined the demonstrations—college teachers, ministers, housewives, even an insurance man—and even the "responsible Negroes" who found marching "undignified" began to express some solidarity with James, King and Lesser. The city quickly got a restraining order from a circuit judge forbidding night marches, and the police began arresting the demonstrators as soon as they got out of their trucks. After a couple of weeks Mayor Schmied reluctantly concluded that the "hecklers" might be causing as much trouble as the marchers. The police grew desperate and began booking marchers on any charge that came to mind. They arrested Rev. Charles B. Tachau, who is an Episcopal minister, a former judge of the Jefferson County Juvenile Court, and a grandnephew of Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis, and charged him with "criminal syndicalism"—a pseudo-legal



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legacy from the thirties that an embarrassed prosecutor hastened to file out of sight.

By Derby week all Louisville was in anguish as it foresaw the consequences of this civic backsliding. James and King were running out of demonstrators and bail money, and they agreed to a day-to-day moratorium on marches while Congressman Cowger came back to join "hard bargaining" sessions proposed by the Human Relations Commission. When city officials refused to drop charges against the previous demonstrators, James renewed his threat to create "open hell" at the Derby. Although open housing leaders were recruiting college students around the Midwest, it seems unlikely that they could have amassed enough support actually to stop the Derby. However they scared Mayor Schmied and the aldermen, and on Derby Saturday Churchill Downs was swarming with state police and National Guardsmen.

The threats to unsettle the city's most cherished institution, with a consequent loss of several hundred thousand dollars of festive business, do not seem to have brought an open housing ordinance any closer to realization. Many residents have been saying all along that nothing will move the city administration until the end of May, if then. That is the time of the Republican primary, and Jefferson County Judge Marlow Cook is one of the candidates for governor. Cook was former Mayor Cowger's running mate and he pulled Schmied into office when he won his second term. The press has characterized him as a "liberal Republican," but it is doubtful that he and John Lindsay would have much to talk about. Many of the faculty at the University of Louisville still remember his contemptuous dismissal of them as "municipal employees" in a dispute over the football team a few years ago.

Louisville insiders believe that if Cook were willing to accept an open housing ordinance the aldermen would pass one tomorrow. But he is locked in what seems to be a losing battle for the Republican nomination with Louis Nunn, a Glasgow, Ky., lawyer who has great appeal for segregationists in the state's vestigial Bible Belt. In 1962, former Democratic Gov. Bert Combs entered an executive order forbidding discrimination in public accommodations. In 1963 Louis Nunn was the Republican nominee against present Gov. Edward Breathitt, and he campaigned on the promise that his first official act would be a repeal of Comb's anti-discrimination order. He ran surprisingly well downstate. So Marlow Cook is said to fear the consequences of permitting an open housing law in Louisville now. And well he might. Nunn has already begun to assure his listeners that he wouldn't dream of making a campaign issue of the fact that Cook is a Catholic.

Given this situation, it is conceivable that an open housing law could be put off until the general election in November. If Cooks wins the primary, which he is not likely to do, one cannot imagine him adding the burden of an open housing ordinance to a campaign against either Happy Chandler, former Lt. Gov. Harry Lee Waterfield, or former State Highway Commissioner Henry Ward, all of whom either oppose open housing or evade it.

There are some in Louisville who think that this crisis need never have arisen, that an open housing law could have been passed despite the incompetence and neglect of the Mayor and aldermen. Had the "power structure" applied pressure three or four months ago, they argue, the bigots would never have come out of the woodwork, and the city would have quietly accepted open housing. But there isn't much of a power structure in Louisville any more. Just as the old estates have fallen to the land developers, the tight little interlocking directorate of patrician families that used to determine Louisville's fortunes has dissolved, most of its members either having died or withdrawn from active life. As the city has opened up to large industries like Ford and General Electric, its leadership has increasingly fallen to young professional-management types whose only familiarity with whiskey, tobacco and horses derives from their private experience. Many of them have not had time to consolidate their power, and others, realizing that they are transients in Louisville, care only for the temporary satisfactions of living in an All-American town. "White and Negro," a schoolteacher recently remarked, "this is an apathetic city."

Meanwhile down at 38th and Broadway Hulbert James's young friends strut restively along the sidewalks, popping their fingers and singing gospel-rock. They have a lot of energy.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 674)*

praising Frank O'Hara for giving a unique voice to his own conscience, far more effective than most of the protest 'poetry' being written today. All poetry is against war and in favor of life, or else it isn't poetry, and it stops being poetry when it is forced into the mold of a particular program. Poetry is poetry. Protest is protest. I believe in both forms of action, and I have, incidentally, signed and contributed money to the petition protesting the war circulated by the Committee of the Professions and published in the *Times* last June 5; was a sponsor of the anti-war fast and poetry read-in at St. Mark's Church last January; and participated in the April 15 Spring Mobilization march. I am reluctant to mention these things since I considered them as duties, as did so many others. But Mr. Simpson's unjust attack, which the context of his article leads me to suspect was motivated by considerations of poetry politics rather than international politics, leaves me no choice." *John Ashbery*

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The poetry issue is at best uneven and at its worst a disaster. The disaster comes with Simpson and the poems themselves: with the exception of the Akhmatova, the poems are lifeless. The Eberhart is bad enough to be an embarrassment—another of those poems published plainly for the sake of the name attached to it.
Mitchell Goodman

Fargo, N. Dak.

DEAR SIRS: Congratulations on the superlatively good name your office has acquired among the poets up here since the appearance of the poetry issue. *Rodney Nelson*

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: I was grateful to read the April 24 issue of *The Nation* because it articulated for me the several ways that poetry is taking at the moment. I was also very interested in your description of Angry Arts week in New York in an earlier issue. *Sally Appleton Weber*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Man in the Wilderness

EPITAPHS OF OUR TIMES: The Letters of Edward Dahlberg. *George Braziller. 308 pp. $6.95.*

THE EDWARD DAHLBERG READER. *Edited and with an introduction by Paul Carroll. New Directions. 330 pp. $6.50.*

KAY BOYLE

Miss Boyle is a member of the English faculty at San Francisco State College. She is the author of twenty-five books, the most recent being a collection of short stories, Nothing Ever Breaks Except the Heart *(Doubleday).*

In a letter written in 1958 from Mallorca, Spain, to William Carlos Williams in Rutherford, N. J., Edward Dahlberg cries out in despair: "As soon as you have architecture anywhere today you have foolish opinionated buildings, dogmatic functionalism, and all the depravity of the up-to-date, inhuman city. Nobody is educated enough any more to build a simple, unaffected home which is good, and has as much feeling, as an ancient proverb. When I look at a motorcycle or a taxi there are tears in my heart. For all the earth is ours, our habitation and sepulcher, and every country that falls under the infamy of money is a terrible wound to every other people."

Writing to Lewis Mumford from Berkeley, Calif., in 1953, Dahlberg reproaches Mumford for his worship of the machine, and cautions him that to see "beauty in machinery is a great perversity," unworthy of his nature. In New York in 1951, Dahlberg writes his friend, Sir Herbert Read, that he does not approve of his way of living. "Do you think it is good to go to the foes of art to heal the artist? I don't care what money you get for whom, what you are doing is at the bottom a sin." He warns Read that he lives too shrewdly, and that this is "the worst error of a poet." For man must thirst, and must remain in the company of those who are athirst, he writes; and even if solitude is "a great pain in the heart," still "a man must remain in the wilderness."

To read Dahlberg's two present collections is to enter that wilderness and to be all but overwhelmed by his passionate chronicling of the unremitting affront to the spirit which makes alienation the greatest peril to contemporary, sensitive man. The loneliness and the separateness which result from this affront are apt to engender a climate favorable to art. Kafka wrote of the consequences of disesteem obliquely, his language German, his vehicle allegory, and startled the lost to a deeper recognition of how forsaken they were. Dahlberg, whose work may be compared to Kafka's in its intensity of discernment and foreboding, writes of that merciless assault on the spirit in cadenced, occasionally archaic and consistently splendid English. His language is classic, his metaphor frequently myth, but both language and myth belong to him alone.

Kafka was, in his time, not only Germany's most disturbing but most reliable prophet. As an artist, he foretold with the maddest courage all the horror that was to come. Dahlberg, whose more than a dozen remarkable books have established a unique reputation for him in Europe, as well as in America, deserves our recognition not only as stylist, as critic, as poet but also as eloquent and unflinching prophet. He declares against the outrage to every sensibility that faces us at this moment whichever way we turn upon our native soil, and he grieves for the disaster that lies, still undefined, beyond the perilous rim of contemporary American violence. What modern man calls progress, Dahlberg recognizes (with Yeats) as the dying of men's hearts. He sees the degradation of love and learning everywhere.

The ambiguous self in relation to history, to country, to sex, and to eternity, is furiously alive in all of Dahlberg's work, but it is in his letters that that self emerges in all its restless continuity. The letters are pages torn from the annals of his nights and days, his hopes and griefs, and transmuted into the actual substance of compassion, understanding and yearning for those who are for the moment beyond the reach of his hand. "Bill Williams, you know, had another small stroke; I tremble for him, and also weep for him," Dahlberg writes to Josephine Herbst in 1958. "He has done so many things of which I disapprove, but how little I want to go on rebuking him. Poor, poor Bill, he is much too close to Nature. I would kill Nature could I save him."

But despite the sincere passion of his declared love, there is all too often a wariness in his approach to those whom he addresses, a lurking overzealousness that leaves one with the feeling that every human relationship Dahlberg has had was, without exception, a heartbreak to him in the end. At the very moment that he declares himself, he appears to tremble at the prospect of another devastating experience, still another emotional catastrophe from which he will never quite recover. "What the two of you cannot know," he writes to the Allen Tates in 1965, "is that I fear going to other people's homes, and when I do, I leave as fast as I can, without seeming to be rude. It is not that I do not care deeply for my friends, or that I prefer to be with flimsy acquaintances rather than with the aristocratic intellects of our world. I dread unknowable disaster."

Lawrence Durrell once wrote a number of letters to Henry Miller on the subject of the artist's fear of accepting his own identity. He cited to Miller "Cezanne's fear that society would get the grappins on him. . . . Gaugin's insistence on what a hell of a fine billiards player he was . . . and D. H. Lawrence fervently knitting, knitting, and trying to forget *Sons and Lovers*" —and there was Miller himself eating like mad to establish a reputation for himself as a gourmet. "Here are numberless types," Durrell wrote, "of the same ambiguous desire on the part of the artist to renounce his destiny. To spit on it." This was not for the moment Dahlberg's desire or dilemma. He knew from the beginning who he was and that he was destined, both as man and writer, to be an exile in the land of his birth. "First in the wanton streets of Kansas City," he writes to William Carlos Williams in 1957, "then in an orphanage, and then a waif of letters in New York." His dilemma, rather, was *how* to be a writer, and he studied the works of others avidly, seeking to find that way.

From the time of the appearance of his first novel, *Bottom Dogs*, published in 1929, there could be no question but that he had found his own exceptional speech. The Job of American letters, one critic has called him; and others

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have termed his autobiography, *Because I Was Flesh*, a masterpiece, and "one of the few important American books published in our day." "The truth is," this outsized figure of American literature writes almost in panic to his friend Allen Tate (from Mallorca in 1962), "that I am a great coward before I dare venture one sentence. No man goes to the guillotine with greater apprehension than I sit down at my desk, no longer with a quill or a pen, but with a fell machine. . . ." For to Dahlberg, a book is "a battle of the soul and not a war of words."

Leon Edel recently took Joyce to task for calling out in his letters for help, love and money. Dahlberg's letters appeal for these same solaces. Is the artist to be reproached for articulating the constant cry of all living men; is he not rather to be cherished for having spoken it so eloquently? And is not the attempt to answer that despairing cry the reason for all teaching, all learning, all writing, from the Greeks to Abelard, from the Old Testament to Joyce?

The voices of Camus and Sartre, Faulkner and Hemingway, no longer reach the young in the far journey they are taking; and Salinger, who was once their spokesman, is now more silent than the tomb. This wayfaring generation, hair long on the shoulders and wounded faces staunched by beards, murmurs of Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary and Bob Dylan, uncertain as to whether these saviors (or even William Burroughs and John Rechy) are saying fearlessly and honestly enough the words that must somehow be said. Born in 1900, Dahlberg offers a philosophy of rebellion, but of dignity and discipline as well, to the young who have the insight to look his way. That philosophy, strong and undismayed, is stated in almost every page he writes. It is there in "The Tragedy of American Love" and in "Heart Speaketh to Heart," both of which are included in *The Edward Dahlberg Reader*. It is there in his uncompromising letters, and strikingly there in his essay, "Thoreau vs. Contemporary America," in which he extends his hand to the uneasy, saying:

> We are fatalists only when we cease telling the truth, but, so long as we communicate the truth, we move ourselves, life, history, men. There is no other way. This is the simple epitome of the wisdom of nonresistance to evil. It is what Confucius, Thoreau, and Tolstoi taught. It is the incredible, the visionary way, and it announces treason and betrayal more boldly than firearms or airplanes.

The Compleat Picasso

PICASSO AND COMPANY. *By Brassaï. Translated from the French by Francis Price. Preface by Henry Miller. Photographs by the author. Doubleday & Co. 289 pp. $6.95.*

WALLACE FOWLIE
Mr. Fowlie teaches French literature at Duke University. His most recent book is Jean Cocteau: The History of a Poet's Age *(Indiana University Press).*

This book, published in French under the title *Conversations avec Picasso* (Gallimard, 1964), in honor of the painter's 83rd birthday, is an important testimonial. It is in the form of a journal, kept by Brassaï between September, 1943, at the time of the Occupation, to November, 1962. But there are many flash-backs to Picasso's early years in Paris, to the first decade of the century when the artist occupied the small studio in the Bateau-Lavoir on the rue Ravignan in Montmartre, where he passed through the blue, the rose and the cubist periods, and where he made his first friendships with French writers: Max Jacob, André Salmon, Apollinaire.

In recording these many conversations with Picasso, the photographer Brassaï has produced a document on the spontaneity of the painter's speech and temperament which allowed him to explain some of the ways he followed in order to produce the art which no longer disconcerts the world, and which has been receiving during the past three or four months an exceptional recognition and re-evaluation, on the occasion of Picasso's 85th birthday. Picasso's exegetes are legion, but he has taken very few people into confidence. Brassaï is one of the exceptions. He met Picasso for the first time in 1932 when he went to the studio to photograph some of the sculptures. Since that time he has been a faithful friend and helper.

The notations Brassaï made after each visit to the studio, or after each meal at the Catalan or the Brasserie Lipp, Picasso's favorite restaurants, or after meetings at the various cafés (the Flore and the Deux Magots, especially) have great value for our understanding of Picasso's character, of his habits, of his methods of work, of his aesthetic theories. These notes form, moreover, a colorful history of a long period in French painting and French poetry. Picasso himself was pleased with Brassaï's book and has testified to its accuracy.

No other book on Picasso gives so full an account of the evolution of his work during thirty years, and of the large number of friends he counted among painters and poets. There are sketches of encounters with Henri Michaux, Paul Eluard, Matisse, André Malraux, Cocteau, Desnos, Jacques Prévert, Roland Petit, Jean Marais, Pierre Reverdy, Valentine Hugo. In each case, the sketch is sympathetically drawn. Brassaï shows little inclination for maliciousness or gossip. He relates objectively, and what he records of conversations emphasizes the noble traits of those speaking, and those thoughts that have some significance for a firmer understanding of Picasso's activities and the world in which he lived and helped to create.

Several of the entries provide new or additional information concerning matters of history and biography: the rehearsals of Picasso's play, *Desire Caught by the Tail*, in which parts were taken by Michel and Louise Leiris, Simone de Beauvoir, Albert Camus, Valentine Hugo, Reverdy and Sartre; Picasso's relationship with Matisse, and especially the introduction of Matisse and his daughter to Picasso by the three Steins, Leo, Michael and Gertrude; Picasso's reticence about death and his unwillingness to speak of the death of his friends Matisse, Braque, Cocteau; the trying ways in which the painter's fame became a burden for him. In the inevitable rehearsal of events, episodes and traits of character that are now familiar, Brassaï adds his own judicious observations which now have their place in the vast literature that already exists about Picasso.

At the age of 85, Picasso is still extraordinarily alive. During three-quarters of a century, he has been producing paintings and other forms of art. Brassaï's *Picasso and Company* is one more book of a critical-historical effort to explain the man's genius, to describe the place he occupies today, and to prophesy the place he will occupy tomorrow. This new work proves once again how difficult it is to speak of Picasso in the past. He has gone through a capricious succession of styles and artistic periods. But his work seems to belong to an eternal present. The huge exhibitions held in Paris raise the same insoluble problems that the critics have been raising for fifty years, ever since the first writings about Picasso, those done by Apollinaire and Jean Cocteau.

The fundamental mystery is how Picasso has been able to embrace all of his century, all of its fashions and fan-

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ies, all of its problems and geniuses, nd yet remain himself, giving himself to othing and to no one, and yet borrowng from everyone and everything. Brassaï's journal of conversations allows s to perceive more clearly the almost anatical individualism of Picasso, his aste and need for solitude, his easy inlination to quarreling. The book also lustrates his need for friendship and for amily affection. It confirms his inventiveness, his discoveries, the realization f his fantasies. Picasso's famous claim hat he does not look for but finds (*je e cherche pas, je trouve*) is everywhere pparent on these pages by his friend. Ie is still a man unafraid of contradicons, of retractions, of extravagances.

The breadth of his vision is staggerng, and it is precisely this breadth that constantly being studied in *Picasso nd Company*: the kinds of vision that nce explained the paintings of the blue, f the rose, of the cubist and the surealist periods, of "Guernica's" inferno nd the monsters of the 1940s. Even hen his eyes are fixed upon the horors of the world, Picasso does not esitate to mingle elements of the urlesque and the droll. At every period f his life he has demonstrated the same obustness and the same shrewdness that re apparent in his 85th year.

Everything is present in what might e called the Picasso museum. Has he ot realized the myth of the total ainter? His work is not related to life or to death, to what is in the world or to what is beyond the world. It is quite simply related to painting, to the context of a picture. The picture does not serve a meditation or a philosophy or a series of objects. Painting for Picasso is a language. He never diminishes or degrades the themes of life and passion in his painting, but he dominates them. He is able to exteriorize the forces and images that most men repress.

Picasso's freedom as an artist is exemplary in our age. He has followed and exploited every whim, every instinct, and thereby made himself into a glorious legend. The stimulation which anthropologists and scientists can find in stones and flowers and birds, others can find in the world of Picasso's paintings.

At this moment in the history of art, when so many thousands of people have been looking at the paintings of Pablo Picasso, it is impossible to decide whether the spectators have caught up with him—he has always been in advance of his age—or whether he has, quite unintentionally, created in them the taste which will make possible the enjoyment of his work.

Brassaï's book formulates the expression of one man's admiration for Picasso, his affection for Picasso's genius, for everything that Picasso's admirers find in him, for his ability to be always present, and to represent at all times the unexpected.

Humanizing the Image

ITALO SVEVO: The Man and the Writer. *By P. N. Furbank. University of alifornia Press. 232 pp. $6.*

SHORT SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY ND OTHER STORIES. *By Italo evo. University of California Press. 19 pp. $6.*

OEL LIEBER

r. Lieber is a free-lance journalist whose st novel, How the Fishes Live, *has just en published by McKay.*

he unexpected publication of these two ooks seems to confirm that for Italo evo, in death as in life, his fate is aled: obscurity followed by recogniion, then obscurity again, then recgnition. Knopf has helped Svevo out the literary attic by keeping *Confesons of Zeno* in a Vintage paperback, nd Richard Ellmann generally drops morsel or two of information about evo with each new Joyce book. However, it took the British (whom Svevo so disliked) to republish his short stories and, in particular, P. N. Furbank (an English critic), to do the first book-length English biography of Italo Svevo, né Ettore Schmitz.

"There are ideas in Svevo's novels," Furbank observes, "which, like certain things in Kafka, once you have met them, keep scratching at your mind for ever." Now, thirty-nine years after Svevo's death, Furbank's curiosity has helped to place some of these ideas in perspective, and perhaps Svevo will no longer be called "the Italian Proust," "the Trieste Kafka" or any other such silly sobriquet that befalls a writer who comes onto the scene as a true original.

We learn the German-Italian-Jewish origins of Svevo's family, the tedium of his life as a Trieste businessman (manufacturer of a secret formula for painting ship keels), his ten-year friendship with Joyce (who tutored him in English and borrowed his money), his marriage, his writings and his lifelong obsessions with cigarettes, dreams, disease and aging.

His marriage to Livia (whose father owned the ship-paint business) provided him with the certain basis of every wife his heroes ever had: dutiful, no-nonsense women toward whom each hero feels varying amounts of guilt and rancor. Of his wife Livia, Svevo wrote: "She fills her roles one after the other with perfect punctiliousness. I am sure that even as a baby she must have had a certain dignity." It was Livia whose name and long golden hair Joyce openly borrowed for the Anna Livia Plurabelle of *Finnegans Wake*, and Furbank sketches in the many traits of Svevo and his father that turn up in Leopold Bloom.

The relationship between Svevo and Joyce (who became single-handedly responsible for bringing *Zeno* to the attention of European critics) emerges as a curiously formal one. Each was virtually the only literary friend the other had in Trieste, although Joyce was twenty years younger than his pupil. They persisted in calling each other "Mr. Joyce" and "Mr. Schmitz." Svevo dubbed Joyce "a fine leech," while Joyce minimized the friendship, refused to write a preface to the English edition of *As a Man Grows Older* and, in retrospect, decided that Svevo was tight with his money.

Three-quarters of Furbank's book deals with Svevo's life, while the last quarter zeroes in on "The Writer." It may be that the author's enthusiasm for his subject went beyond solid objectivity in the critical praise he is able to heap on *A Life*, *As a Man Grows Older* and the last short stories. These works are simply not in the same class as *Zeno*, and Furbank's fantastically involuted theories of the value of *A Life* are ample demonstrations of this fact.

His long chapter on *Zeno* is much better, unraveling the intricacies that make this devilish novel a feast from start to finish. *Zeno* is a book as modern, impertinent and irreverent in tone as anything being published today. Pervading its every page is an ironic intelligence, a richness of incident and idea which Furbank explores admirably. The straight-faced, irritatingly rational, charmingly baffled Zeno, painfully aware of his own absurdities (from lust and cigarette smoking to hypochondria), was one of the first modern heroes to lock horns with his analyst. (We are told, in the biographical section, that Svevo's brother-in-law spent two years in Vienna being analyzed by Freud him-

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self, and came home pronounced "incurable"—a fact which appears to have intrigued Svevo.) There are so many memorable scenes in *Zeno*—the grotesque sanatorium episode, the courtship of his wife, the Marx Brothers-like "business" deals—and in all of it Furbank manages to find shades of meaning that might escape the reader content just to revel in Zeno's many madnesses.

If there are gaps in Furbank's generally fine study, they are probably a factor of his research. Much of his material came from Svevo's wife and daughter. We are left without any adequate insight into why Svevo chose completely to repress his "Jewishness" in his writings. We do know that his wife badgered him to convert to Catholicism. (He converted, really, from Jewish apostate to baptized atheist.) Furbank does not discuss whether Svevo actually engaged in the endless affairs of his heroes, or whether this was just the recurrent fantasy of a man who could never bring himself to betray his wife. Not that it is necessary to know such intimate details of any author's life, but in this case, where the theme so preoccupied the writer, the lack of comment is conspicuous.

In the volume of short stories, the deft self-mocking tone that made *Zeno* so masterful slips into a pervasive fascination with approaching death. The three big stories ("The Hoax," "Nice Old Man and the Pretty Girl" and "Short Sentimental Journey"—all written in the mid-twenties after his success with *Zeno*) contain heroes who are pompous old men, endlessly lecturing and explaining how old men think and behave. The stiff technique of most of these stories is a throwback to his two earlier novels, and the zest and brilliance of *Zeno* is only occasionally glimpsed.

Svevo's awkward style is embarrassingly apparent in the short form. But his strength was always in substance, not technique, and some of his best aphorisms are in these stories: "Among dogs, who go by their noses, indifference towards life never exists. They are never simply indifferent to strangers, but always either friends or enemies." "I can never make up my mind whether by going to bed early and watching every mouthful I eat, I am really cheating life or death." "A successful writer, whose words flow too glibly and with too little effort on the paper [leaves] an empty husk which mistakes itself for the ripe fruit."

The short "Generous Wine" (written in 1914) is the best realized story in the collection, and the most interesting is the fablelike "Argo and his Master" in which a man learns a dog's language: the piece is brilliant in its insights into dog behavior, matching the best of James Thurber and Konrad Lorenz on the same subject.

Irony was at the source of the way Svevo viewed the world. It was utterly bizarre that, having become obsessed with the theme of old men and h they slowly die, Svevo should die 1928 in a car accident. One of his fab writing heroes in the hereafter mi comment: "See, a watched pot ne boils." As though Svevo planned scene himself, a relative declined death-bed request for a cigarette. "T really would have been my last cigarett Svevo said, and died several hours la

High Camp in the Underground

THE EXQUISITE CORPSE. *By Alfred Chester. Simon & Schuster. 240 pp. $4.95.*

CHARLES T. SAMUELS

Mr. Samuels teaches English at Williams College. He has written for The Kenyon Review, The Yale Review, Commonweal *and other magazines.*

Several years ago, Alfred Chester made a reputation as a book reviewer whose nastiness was refined by wit. In his *New York Review* piece on *City of Night*, for example, his affinity for Rechy's subject neither disguised itself nor spared his victim—nor, for that matter, Rechy's publisher. It was Chester who formulated Grove Press's policy statement: *épater-la-post-office.*

Chester wrote fiction himself, though most of his readers might understandably have been ignorant of this fact. His first novel (*Jamie Is My Heart's Desire*) was virtually ignored; and his short stories, unlike his criticism, had been published in too wide a variety of journals to have established a coherent following. In 1964, he made his first claim for prominence with a collection of stories, *Behold Goliath.* Now, after three years of obscurity, lightened by reports on love in exotic Tangier (found usually in *Evergreen Review*), Chester reappears, christened by his respectable publisher as "a major figure of the American literary underground," with a novel, *The Exquisite Corpse.*

Though the subject of Chester's stories is homosexuality, his sentimental preachiness makes the material seem almost banal. Without a trace of irony, he can write a hymn to homosexual cruising in which fellatio is "a conversion or a revelation," and castoff queens are made to indulge in true confessions which would be embarrassing from a more normal source. Normalcy itself is satirized with an earnestness only occasionally spiced by malice.

The Exquisite Corpse seems, at first, a tougher work. Through a series of separate but interspersed narratives, constructs a crazy-house world of erc anguish, a sort of queer *Grand Ho* In dizzying succession, we witness m der and ecstacy, high-comic satire suburban motherhood (though th ladies tend children who don't exi and pornographic descriptions of hor sexual mechanics. Plotless, incis lyrical, repulsive, *The Exquisite Cor* is a book for which the epithet " even" seems facetious.

In some bizarre subplots, Che manages to find the right situat for his peculiar truth. To illust perversion's awful anonymity, Che presents the married T. S. Ferguson becomes John Doe and fulfills his licit appetites with a partner desig to be debased. Installing Baby P poor, his pathetic catamite, in a taw "love nest," John Doe will not e permit the utterance of his assu name. "What shall I call you then?" Baby. "You don't have to call me thing. There are only two of us he

In other parts of the novel, the tion is so bizarre as to block any sponse except bemused curiosity. W for example, are we to make of adventures of Baby's mother, a near i who conceives her child by a Lest loses it when some literal fairies her a changeling, and eventually t up with a jungle savage and an old who bears the same name as her "s

Yet when Chester controls the tesqueness, he can be both insigl and liberatingly comic, as in the s of letters written to Dr. Franzblau a girl who "sort of knew the fact life but not too clearly," since sh probably a boy. At his best, Ch combines wicked humor with pa When John Anthony, a Catholic vert and transvestite (relentless switc spots a vampire on the Salvation A marquee which fronts his favorite

She stuck out her tongue at him a wagged a finger, for nothing scared I anymore except the full moon wh

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he dreaded turning into a werewolf. And even this not so much as formerly, because Veronica was frank with herself and, as unflattering as the thought was, she knew that the werewolf must ast as much dread turning into her.

The oddly named characters in Chess *mélange* appear to merge and ase one another's identities, an obvi- clue to the title's allusion. (*Cadavre uis* is a famous Surrealist parlor game which the players draw physical parts pleats of a page in order to learn at arbitrary organism they may ulti- ely create.) If a reader were ignorant the parlor game, however, he would ost certainly fail to perceive, as ster clearly intended, that the novel's ject is one twisted avatar of suffer- composed of all the characters. But at is compositionally valid in visual as need not be applicable to fiction. he vivid details are sometimes reveal- y focused, but too often they seem to reflect a sort of private blue ie being run off in the author's d. It is psychologically descriptive ohn Anthony's character when Ches- shows him worshiping a homosexual ist (with its "high tough buttocks one tiny crab among the pubic "); but what is being characterized Chester's erotic descriptions of neu- objects like trains and ice-cream ps, his homosexual puns concealed passages of seemingly innocent nar- ration, his leering plot details (most of the characters either become or search for a man named Dickie)?

After all the fun and games, the shocking events coming at us without intelligible order, the book begins to seem more and more unmistakably soft. Characters start exhaling about "how hard it is to live." The most important subplot (in which a man considerately masks his ruined face only to go unrecognized by his homosexual lover) would pass, under other circumstances, for "straight" O. Henry.

Though *The Exquisite Corpse* is ultimately unsuccessful, it remains interesting for what it exemplifies. In its pages, two contemporary developments coincide: fascination with forbidden subjects and impatience with the traditional art of fiction. The book's subject is still strange, having been rendered comprehensible to most readers neither by Rechy's coy evasions nor Burroughs' mad dreams; neither by Selby's mindless psuedo-naturalism nor Genet's metaphysical arabesques. The private pain in Chester's pages is authentic, but the technical dislocations make its source more marginal and the pain becomes more remote.

In our literary situation, going underground is the road to chic success. But true exploration requires a discovery which is not mere inversion of the natural.

ancing in Cadence

SOLDIER'S ART. *By Anthony ell. Little, Brown & Co. 252 pp. 5.*

BERT K. MORRIS

Morris is assistant professor of Engat the City College of the City Uniy of New York. He has written a al study of Anthony Powell to be shed later this year by the University ttsburgh Press.

appy Malthusian predictability acanies the career of Anthony Powell. 1951 he has published eight vol- in the novel sequence, "A Dance e Music of Time," and as the series arithmetically, his reputation to progress geometrically. Today, the most distinguished and re- ed of English novelists working a form that has created pitfalls for his expert contemporaries. e thinks of Doris Lessing's "Chil- of Violence," C. P. Snow's agers and Brothers," and Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet," important sequences by three writers who, despite their talent, have not always focused on the essential aim of the genre: to play changing sensibilities against the continuum of human history. How Powell, using at times the techniques of all three, has kept perspective and control, is worth a moment's pause.

Like Miss Lessing he has an eye for trivia, but where she conveys through her characters a sense of impotence, Powell conveys through his a sense of life; the trivial is made futile, but it is also made comic. Like Snow he employs a first-person narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, but whereas Jenkins increases in interest both as protagonist and chronicler, Lewis Eliot of "Strangers and Brothers," moving from obscurity to success yet lacking any real personality, has over the years changed from an easygoing bore into a crashing one. Finally, like Durrell, Powell places "time" at the center of his novel, though for him it becomes physical and absolute, not metaphysical and relative. Passing because it must, it is not mysterious, only at moments indefinable. Powell is concerned with time, not obsessed by it; for while he sees it as blasting the hopes of some, wasting the promise of others, he sees it, too, as the sole arbiter for shaping in the future the formless formulas of the past. Things, in short, may make no sense one minute, make all the sense the next.

This idea sounds through "The Music of Time" as a melancholy, sad, and recently even tragic note, but always pitched to the comic scale that keeps the sequence from growing tedious (Miss Lessing), oppressive (Sir Charles) or unwieldy (Durrell). Powell avoids embarrassing postures by treating comically —that is, in a way that accepts life and human nature for what they are without trying to change them—such joyless themes as decay, suicide and death; and without turning Jenkins into a Pollyanna endows him with an amiable curiosity, a good heart, a noble tolerance and infinite resources for recovery.

Nowhere does Jenkins wear these attributes more handsomely than in *The Soldier's Art*, the latest installment of "The Music of Time." To be sure, earlier doubts about his role as protagonist have been well founded. His problems of growing out of adolescence in *A Question of Upbringing*, of finding a niche in life in *A Buyer's Market*, of falling in and out of love in *The Acceptance World* were never his problems solely. And in *At Lady Molly's* and *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* he hung fire to make room for dozens of new characters in the dance. But from *The Kindly Ones* on, Nick has found his footing firmer, though the ground has gone from shaky to shakier and, in the first volume of the war trilogy, *The Valley of Bones*, shakiest.

There, Powell shows how Jenkins' company commander, Captain Rowland Gwatkin, slave to a romantic idealism, is at first fascinated by the working of the war machine, and at last ground in its gears. On the tight little island war has not yet become hell, but it is already a dispiriting reality. The world of officers and gentlemen only outwardly glistens with the spit and polish of military *noblesse oblige*. Beneath the camaraderie and Kiplingesque romance are the scarred surfaces of a grubby, routine existence where success is difficult and failure severe. Jenkins, neither succeeding nor failing, emerges resolved

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VIETNAM: The Logic of Withdrawal

by Howard Zinn

This is a studied rebuke by Howard Zinn (ex-bombardier, historian, civil rights activist) to America's continued military presence in what he calls "a theatre of the absurd." The price of that presence (primarily in lives, but also in national honor and in money needed to build America's own "Great Society" and help with the economic development of Southeast Asia) is calculated, weighed, and found indefensible.

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and committed. There is certainly heroi stuff there. And any reservations re maining on his being the hero of th series should be dropped rapidly afte reading this new volume covering th early years of the London blitz. It i both England and Nick's finest hou

The Soldier's Art goes severa steps beyond *The Valley of Bones*. Hav ing accepted the "Rules and Disciplin of War," Jenkins now takes up th trickier job of practicing its arts with out precisely understanding them. Wha he sees is that they mean differer things to different people, and that t find himself he must endure—even cou —exposure to difficult and strained re lationships.

The most difficult of these ge tangled in old ties. As Charles Strin ham's superior and Kenneth Widme pool's underling, Jenkins tries mediatir between the two without connecting wit either. Stringham's ironies have grow heavier, his outlook more fatalistic. Fo him, the soldier's art is studied resi nation to fate. His confessed identific tion with Childe Roland—the title o the novel comes from the Brownin poem—shows that he comes to stoicis via romanticism. Stringham is still th dupe of his imagination.

Widmerpool, on the other hand, still master of the will. Like the poli cian or businessman's, the soldier's a consists of grabbing power, wheedli and manipulating while still hewing lines of discipline. No one blames Wi merpool for that; it is basic to his eg ism, and his egoism has often been t inspiration for great fun. But wh he arranges a disadvantageous—perha fatal—transfer for Stringham, and leav Jenkins stranded in an inferior post, f gets a good stiff bash on the head.

Those familiar with the novelis methods in "The Music of Time" m have gathered by now where Jenk stands on all this. Without ever forci any moral comparisons, Powell mal it plain that his protagonist comes t closest to scaling the escarpment rais by vanity and self-interest. Many of shots may go wild, but Jenkins susta his integrity. Alongside Widmerpoo blusterings and Stringham's passivity, rectitude is quietly fashioned into her proportions. An awareness akin to s ness is the net result of the quest wh Jenkins realizes that the soldier's means remaining human in the face the dehumanizing processes of war.

Pathos is, in fact, the fulcrum of novel, balancing comedy on one si tragedy on the other. Here tragedy (m particularly, death) is handled in Pows

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customarily classical manner: the action happening off-stage and narrated with baldness and brevity. "That same week the plane was shot down in which Barnby was undertaking a reconnaissance flight with the aim of reporting on enemy camouflage." On some, this stark delivery may make more of an impact than it normally would if rendered in greater detail. Like E. M. Forster, Powell has the knack of killing off his characters suddenly, while still gaining for them an ironic compassion. To others, it might seem unfair that protagonists like Barnby, who have appeared throughout the series, and Lady Molly Jeavons, the eponymous heroine of an entire novel, should die without benefit of deathbed realism; or, failing that, that their deaths should be recounted with no greater ceremony than the suicide of Captain Biggs, a latecomer who has figured in less than 20 pages of *The Soldier's Art.*

But as a "comedian" Powell is interested in showing tragedy as underlying comedy, not vice versa. He has elected to forgo elaboration of the ironies and ambiguities that attend death and get on with those that attend life. Thus, he telescopes the tragic scenes, extends the comic ones which have always depended on richness of incident rather than verbal ingenuity, and, never gratuitously introduced, have a corresponding importance all their own.

Even the opening of the novel, which at first seems to hang rather limply on protracted *double-entendres*, is pressed into shape by the end. Jenkins, buying an army greatcoat from a shop selling both officers' outfits and theatrical costumes, is taken for an actor. The following exchange occurs:

> "What's this one for?" [the assistant asked].
> "Which one?"
> "The overcoat—if I might make bold to enquire?"
> "Just the war."
> "Ah," he said attentively. *"The War . . .* I'll bear the show in mind."
> "Do, please."
> "And the address?"
> "I'll take it with me. . . . "
> "Tried to make a neat job of it," he said, "though I expect the theatre's only round the corner from here."
> "The theatre of war . . . ?"
> "And I'll wish you a good run," he said, clasping together his old lean hands, as if in applause.
> "Thanks."
> "Good day, sir, and thank *you.*"

The misunderstanding registered by the shop assistant later matches Jenkins' own confusion as he is compelled to act out various parts at headquarters and on leave in London. (There are similar comic scenes of misunderstanding with Liddament, the eccentric division general, Bithel, the lovably besotted officer in charge of the laundry unit, and Finn, a major attached to a special units language branch.) But the aptness of the dramatic metaphor—almost as much a favorite with Powell as the metaphor of the dance—is not reserved for setting character. It becomes structural in the novel as a whole when Jenkins' brother-in-law, Chips Lovell, is killed in a bombing raid while attending a theatrical performance. Powell thereby capitalizes on the earlier incident at the costumer's which, comic in itself, anticipates and underscores the sense of tragedy. Everyone, unfortunately, gets the chance for a role; everyone fits, somehow, into the "big show."

The Soldier's Art adds one more section to a complex structure that block by block, layer by layer, continues to grow into a great fictional history and to intensify and reaffirm the art of Anthony Powell.

Our Puritan Roots

A LOSS OF MASTERY. *By Peter Gay. University of California Press. 164 pp. $4.50.*

RELIGION AND THE AMERICAN MIND. *By Alan Heimert. Harvard University Press. 668 pp. $12.50.*

LOREN BARITZ

Mr. Baritz is the author of City on a Hill *and the editor of the two-volume work,* Sources of the American Mind *(all John Wiley & Sons). He is a member of the History Department of the University of Rochester.*

Whether, or to what extent, the categories and concepts of social analysis that were derived in and for Europe can be transposed to other cultures is a question that sooner or later is going to be answered. Whether, or to what extent, America is different from Europe is another such question. Perhaps it is a slur to say that Freud understood only middle-European Jewish boys, but perhaps it is not so ungracious to wonder whether he, or any other deeply cultivated Europeans could see America through the filter of what they believed to be right about their own time and place. One of the difficulties is that these European categories do at least seem to organize American data, and distinguished American historians have lived off and with them for a very long time. Where, in fact, would we be without Marx and Freud or, even more difficult to imagine, without the French Enlightenment?

This debate is now quietly proceeding over the role of religion in colonial America. It may seem an unlikely arena for such a question, but it is precisely the right place, question and moment of historical time for this debate; the nature and consequences of colonial religion must illuminate other, presumably more important, questions: what, if any, was the class issue in the colonies? What was the American Revolution all about? What were the American sources of democracy and nationalism? And, not least, has America's cultural life been a pallid derivation from Europe? Those old Puritans continue to hold the keys to the kingdom, just as they knew all along. That is why more and more historians go knocking on their doors.

Peter Gay, a historian who has recently been writing on the French Enlightenment, turned to the American Puritans, as he said, as part of his own discovery of America. *A Loss of Mastery* is his analysis of the general Protestant need for a validating history, and of three Puritan historians: William Bradford, Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. Gay's guiding conception was the distinction between what he calls critical and mythical thinking, and he concludes that all of the Puritan historians, as well as Puritanism itself, failed because history, and life, were made servants of piety. None of the historians knew contemporary European history, or life, which was then moving toward secularism and toward a reconception of the nature and goals of historical writing. Viewing history as art, Gay concludes that only Bradford succeeded, while Edwards may or may not have; Mather was a total failure: "the writing is prolix, arch, involuted, imprecise, repetitive, and hysterical." If Voltaire is the standard, Mather obviously cannot compete.

Jonathan Edwards' *History of the Work of Redemption* is judged by Gay to be thoroughly traditional, as it surely was, an Augustinian history of the invisible church, the wandering city of God. In a modern sense, that of Voltaire and Hume, Edwards wrote doctrine not history and his "history," says Gay, was

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"reactionary or fundamentalist," and the tragedy of Edwards is said to be that he was the last medieval American. That Edwards intended to write doctrine not history may not be beside the point.

According to Gay, the liberals in this Puritan country did not write history, and the histories of the conservatives were either bad or non-history presumably because they were conservative: orthodox, pious, Calvinistic. Ignoring some of the finer distinctions between Puritanism and Calvinism, Gay's conclusions illustrate, at least, the look of Puritanism when seen through an essentially European lens. What does it mean to talk about "liberals" and "conservatives" in this context? If one remembers the lessons he learned from Marx and Mill, among others, he may learn how not to see.

Alan Heimert's *Religion and the American Mind* is a conclusive argument, carefully and patiently done, which shows that religious reactionaries were political revolutionaries, and that liberal clergymen, defenders of sweet reason, were social and political conservatives. This complete reversal of what liberal, Whiggish historians would prefer simply demands that the entire period be reconceptualized along lines that Heimert traces. As a result of this book it is no longer possible to reason that revolutions are made by revolutionaries who embrace reason, attack religion, and otherwise behave as a *philosophe* in good standing.

The Calvinist clergy were almost all revolutionaries, because they would not separate morality from politics; because they insisted on trying to build a less imperfect world (instead of saying that this was the best possible) in the here and now; because they were committed to the equality and fraternity of all men under the transcendent King of Kings, and because England was in their way while God, they knew, was not. Edwards, Gay's reactionary, is for Heimert the intellectual father of the entire Calvinist clergy who helped to make a revolution. So far, therefore, from being the last medieval, he was indispensable to the success of a modern revolution. The very categories and labels simply retard understanding, and Heimert's argument would also have been clearer had he found a way to dispense with them.

Religion and the American Mind should not be summarized because its rich detail is necessary to support an unfriendly argument. But this much can be said without doing violence to Heimert's case: the Great Awakening, a widespread and intense religious revival in the 1740s, was an indigenous phenomenon that constituted America's intellectual independence from Europe. It split America into two hostile camps, one based on reason and the other on piety, or rationalism and evangelicalism, or liberalism and Calvinism. Heimert asserts that the difference was one of value and taste, not of class, but he later shows that the liberals consistently defended individual property, the rich and the genteel, while the Calvinists just as consistently spoke for the community and the poor. Liberalism was elitist while Calvinism everywhere challenged the established order. This means what is so hard to learn: the American democratic tradition was the child of evangelical religion, not of the Age of Reason.

Heimert's illustrative metaphor for this argument clinches the case. Edwards' major antagonist in the Great Awakening was Charles Chauncy. Chauncy advocated reasonableness in religion as in other things, and he accused Edwards of unleashing the dangerous passions of the great unwashed. As Heimert explains, Chauncy thought of heaven as a glorified Harvard graduate school with himself as dean. Liberalism, in short, provided a new concept of the Elect, the chosen of God, one made up of learning, gentility and manners, while the Calvinists appealed to everyone regardless of intellectual ability. Chauncy tried to explain that Edwards' position would result in a new peasants' rebellion, just as the first had been caused by "stupidities" encouraging resistance to "lawful authority."

The liberals counseled social resignation and the suppression of envy of the rich, and they were unfailingly committed to social order, to each man's accepting his station and praising God for His wisdom. During the revolution the liberals wanted to replace the English center of gravity, that which kept men and orders "in their place," with an American one that would perform the same function. But the so-called conservative evangelicals demanded an intimate, complete, affectionate union, a new creation of a band of brothers, as one put it.

Because the liberals always sought social institutions that would restrain the dangerous and stupid multitudes, they of course supported the Constitution, proliferation of law and a general tightening of America's social situation. With their eyes turned toward heaven, the Calvinists continued to demand reform but, in time, some were seduced by New England and these, although fewer than historians have thought, abandoned freedom for Federalism.

The colonial liberals were gentlemen, in an English sense, and the Calvinists were not. Later gentlemen, including some historians, have written gently of their kind, and consequently have drawn a picture of a revolution that could have happened only in England or France. Other Americans made their war not in the name of reason or even of class but because that was what they thought they had to do in order to protect their souls.

These explanations are uncongenial to the Enlightenment's children. Marx would seek the ox being gored, and Freud would seek the father whom the brothers had better murder. Their conclusions would actually help to construct hierarchies of significance but, in the end, the question remains: when tools of analysis are transposed from one culture to another, will they continue to function? Might their efficiency be reduced?

But, in order for those tools to work we have had to assume that America was a reflection of Europe. Of course it was, in many ways; in what ways was it not?

Heimert's *Religion and the American Mind* shows what Gay could not see and shows that the cultural experience of 18th-century America was importantly different from that of either France or England. But more important, Heimert shows that the assumptions liberals have made about other liberals in history is likely to get the historical record, or part of it, exactly backwards.

THE TRUST

You start with yourself
and are lucky if you ever
get past that. It's a process

of winnowing. Say, you have
accomplished something—
a dragon, oleander or loin—

but how can you know the true
salmon's touch when you cannot
trust yourself alone

like this with yourself.
You might call it creation,
picturing a theater, the sun

having driven the rattlesnakes
to singing. Well, this is
the beginning: what you do next

will depend on nothing.

JAMES TATE

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ART / Max Kozloff

"The first crime occurred at the Hotel du Nord—that high prism that dominates the estuary whose waters are the colors of the desert. To this tower (which most manifestly unites the hateful whiteness of a sanitarium, the numbered divisibility of a prison, and the general appearance of a bawdy house), on the third day of December came the delegate from Podolsk to the Third Talmudic Congress, Doctor Marcel Yarmolinsky. . . ." The words are by Jorge Luis Borges, opening a story called "Death and the Compass," but they could almost have come from the interior of a box by Joseph Cornell. In the vision of the blind Argentinian and of the man who lives on Utopia Boulevard, Queens, there is a comparable enchantment—a little pedantic, and very cosmological. One finds a fey horror and a genteel, almost Victorian stiltedness in Cornell that may precipitate easily into waters "the colors of the desert." The sense in which each of his creations is a microcosm of nostalgia, judged with lapidary precision, and embedded in a poetic recall that mingles music and the stars, film and mathematics, accords very well with a certain aspect of the modern imagination. For, underneath the positivism of the 19th century lies a substratum of disquiet, anticipating our own—there to be mined simultaneously for its campy charm and its darker hints of void. It is ironic to see the boxes of Cornell, in the best exposition they have yet enjoyed, housed in the buff and white Guggenheim, whose form resembles a rounded-off and inverted ziggarat, spiraling into a "Futuristic" vortex.

For, with unwitting relevance, the museum mimes one of Cornell's pervasive images: the coiled watch spring, cut off from its cogs and gears, existing in fruitless, ornamental tension. The convoluted spring is a pirouette divorced from the measuring of time it otherwise suggests. It partakes, as well, of Cornell's penchant for circularity—disks or spheres, rounding about themselves; the sun, balls, rings, arches, celestial bodies. The most fragile and evasive suggestion of it is soap bubbles; but these exist only by implication, white clay pipes, with bowls grasped by sculpted hands, being almost Cornell's signature. He manages to suggest by such iconography the idea of endlessness, infinity, which is all the more poignant since his chosen means are eggshell or hairline in their physical embodiment. It is almost as if the glance has to touch as lightly as it can upon these objects, for fear of crumbling or mauling them. The artist's intuition that the past and the future are in the same revolution, without start or end, is given as a kind of tracery in which the mechanism of nature hushes precariously into itself.

Like Paul Klee in wanting to invent as nature does, to create a miniature universe of his own, Cornell is yet much more directly involved with the stoppage of time, or more exactly, the mixing of tenses. In this sense, though it has a highly metaphoric content, the primary condition of his art is of a peculiar interior voyage. (The equation of many of his tableaux with hotels, temporary homes of the restless, is hardly a coincidence.) Each of the boxes is a self-contained journey, a time capsule or memory receptacle where the here and now cohabit with the distant and the exotic on the same level of suspended animation. It is precisely because the widest ranges into space suggest a temporal immensity as well that their compression has a hallucinatingly timeless quality.

In Cornell, the roots of German Romanticism have been overlaid with the tradition of French Symbolism, particularly that aspect of it which yearns for ineffable realms of experience, vicarious regions in which one can participate more substantially than in the undifferentiated chaos of immediate reality. Not for nothing does he bottle specimens of evanescent life, such as butterfly wings; nor is it accidental that the hourglass, like Mallarmé's "*horloge de son ame*," evoked in drifts of glittering sands, becomes a wavering imminence in his vision. The city, even history itself, exist only as scavenging ground for Cornell's compartmented fancies; and the present has no "feel," nor does it impart qualities of identifiable environment to an artist who retreats or escapes into surrogate environments.

It is surely not a contradiction that Cornell embodies all this in a theatrical mode which is a self-acknowledging form of his own artifice. These closed firmaments are little stages, with their own flats, sidelights and props. Much as with the old stereopticans, depth is incised by a series of images pasted on flattened planes, marked off, or separated from one another by an "illusion" whose very imperfection is charming. Not only is this a charade which strives to elicit some of the wonder of the first conquests of photography but it is also an ironic pleasure taken in revealing the conceits of the artist's own poetics. He is simultaneously the creator and the spectator of his own gamesmanship.

Nothing is more indicative on this score than a use of mirrors that Cornell not only pioneered but of which he remains still the most exquisite practitioner. Innumerable boxes are gridworks of transparent or reflecting screens. To look into them is to see not merely one's own features, staggered or fragmented, but back views of areas nominally averted from the gaze. But such glasses are obfuscations as much as they are extensions of space. Front and rear are reversible; the backdrop falls away, an oblique antechamber is partially revealed. Yet diagrams drawn on such surfaces seem suspended in "air"; supports are suddenly implausible, and reflections dissolve, as surely as transparency reveals, material things. The mirror or glass is an agent of Cornell's liking for replication at the same time that it is the most fragile of his elements. Additionally, it is so indeterminate in value, so specious and variable in the way it bounces back available light, that it deliberately intensifies the illusory quotient of his en-

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terprise. Yet, to compose a lattice of vacancies is also, curiously, to introduce a certain voyeuristic coloring. The multiple innuendos, the scattering and faceting of images are all reminiscent of the coquettish thrills of a peep show. Still more, Cornell is forever partially imposing some porous veil mesh, darkly tinted glass, chiffon, feathers, twigs, screen doors — upon "backgrounds" which are in reality his protagonists. When, as in the "Crystal Palace," 1949, mirrors reflect only the chance shadows that might animate a glittering prison, timbered in struts, the real meaning of his statement is illuminated: fantasy does not lead toward liberation, but rather provides its own lovely cage.

Whenever, at widely scattered intervals, Cornell had previously shown his work, it became for the most part, and with reason, an underground pet of criticism. The usual treatment at one time was to sing or chirp along with the boxes, in verbal mimicry of their winsome oddments. More recently, it has become harder to resist giving factual, but fascinating lists of Cornellian imagery—with the effect, perhaps, of some of the more titillating recipes in the gourmet cookbooks. Yet these approaches, while often yielding insights, tended to overweight the part against the whole, or vice versa, through their reluctance to use analysis. After all, the man is not an inexplicable mage, nor a mere customs official of the imagination; definite devices, even mechanics, put his materials into their special combinations.

It is obvious, for instance, that he relies heavily on the idea of the contained within the contained. Not only are goblets or bottles, dovecotes or portholes, receptacles for stored or concealed information but sometimes the frames of his compositions are included with the frames of the boxes. Even more frequently the outer frames are papered over with engravings or words in a kind of vacuum filling program (linked with the contents), in which it is impossible to tell whether they are more decorative or literary. Second, there is a surprising substitution of part for whole, still more direct than that which I have just mentioned. In "A Swan Lake for Tamara Toumanova," 1946, for instance, an engraved or photographic cutout of a swan under blue glass is surrounded by real white feathers. Scale, too, is one of the most ingenious and important of Cornell's poetic sources. In "Pink Palace," 1946, an engraving of an old building with minute foreground figures, is backed with hair-raising sprigs of twigs, grotesquely out of proportion with the scene. Maps are an even more extreme, though schematic, indication of his juggling of depicted and infinitely small scale references with real objects, not large in themselves, but Gargantuan in comparison with their surrounds. Finally, just to notice one more of several subtleties, there are frequent echo or rhyme effects in Cornell. I am not speaking of the repetitions of identical elements, like mute votives, in great pieces like "Multiple Cubes" or "Bebé," but rather "A Parrot For Juan Gris," 1953-54, in which the shadow profile of the flattened parrot occurs in white and black cutouts against the newsprint behind it. What is volumetric becomes flat, what is solid becomes transparent. And yet, however different the incarnation, the morphology is the same.

It is just this kind of syntax, in the final analysis, that confirms Cornell as an extremely knowing artist. With extreme deftness, he has skirted through and around the methodology of di Chirico and Gris, Ernst and Mondrian, who are as present in his formal intelligence as the Renaissance masters are evident in the reproductions he includes. His compressions and elisions, always dovetailing with each other, are of such high level of inventiveness that his work cuts itself entirely free from those merely tasteful congeries of small antiquities to be found in the rue Jacob or on the Quai Voltaire. Yet Cornell is indifferent, in the end, to the structural imperatives of Cubism. And he is innocent of the aspirations to tap some collective unconscious that typifies Surrealism. Even Magritte's epistemological puzzles are foreign to Cornell's diffident narcissism, and his homespun refinement, centering usually upon the pretty underwear of culture. By his art, I am reminded of Lichtenberg's remark: "The petticoat had very wide red and blue stripes and looked as if it were made of theater curtain. I'd have paid a lot for a front-row-center seat, but the curtain was never raised." Perhaps Cornell is too modest to raise the curtain, perhaps too sophisticated. At any rate, that very ambiguity constitutes the joy of this exhibition. For having selected it with great erudition, and installed it with remarkable care, Diane Waldman deserves loud applause.

PAULO CLIMBING DOWN THROUGH A TREE

He is off to wring the neck of the luncheon
chicken and cut the throat of Sunday's
rabbit. A knife between his teeth
he steps down from the balcony
onto the top branch glowing like
vengeance in the leaves. The roadway
steams. His shadow falls from the branches
breaking up the skin of morning.
I reflect him in my heart, this child
carrying weapons of supper. I carry weapons
too between my teeth, the weapons of will
and music.

We increase in animality.
The harvest grows in the sun between
the double gates of death and greenery.

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